

THE
L I F E
A N D
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
J O H N E D W I N,
C O M E D I A N.

By an OLD CRONEY.

To which are added the whole Collection of his
SONGS, ODDITIES, &c. &c.

L O N D O N :

Published by J. AITKIN, No. 14, *Castle-Street,*
Leicester-Fields, and to be had of all the *Book-*
sellers in Town and Country.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

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EDWIN'S TOMB.

HERE LIES

JOHN EDWIN,
COMEDIAN,

Late of COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE,

Who departed this Life *October 31, 1790.*

AGED 42 YEARS.

Each social meed, which honours human kind
The dust beneath this frail memorial bore ;
If pride of excellence uplift thy mind,
Subdue the weakness, and be vain no more.

A nation's mirth was subject to his art,
Ere icy death had smote this child of glee——
And care resum'd his empire o'er the heart,
When Heaven issued—EDWIN shall not be——

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

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T H E
L I F E
O F
Mr. J O H N E D W I N.

MR. JOHN EDWIN, the subject of these memoirs, was the son of a watchmaker in Clare-street, St. Clement's Danes, and was ushered on the Stage of Life the 10th day of *August*, 1749. He was of a very weakly constitution, which obliged his parents to send him into the country, as the confined air of the metropolis was unfavourable to his puny habit. His father having an intimate friend at End-field, he was sent there when he was about nine years old, and it was at this early period that young Edwin evinced a partiality for theatric performances.

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Several

Several young gentlemen, in the neighbourhood, having got up a play, were disappointed of one of the principal performers; when our Hero, to the surprise of the whole set of young buskins, offered himself as a substitute for the absentee, and to convince them of his ability spouted a long speech of the very part in question, to the entire satisfaction of his hearers.

On the night—the important night of performance, Edwin and his associates ushered their company into a stable, being the best theatre they could afford, where they astonished the country folks with their wonderful exertions in Lee's ranting tragedy of the Rival Queens. And Alexander the Great was personified, with no small success, by our hero, who without any requisite for the task, and unassisted by any excitement, but his boyish presumption, ranted away like many of our modern actors.

At the age of fifteen he had the good fortune of having a place procured for him under government, but that requiring constant attendance ill suited his volatile and theatric disposition, and having stocked his memory with all the favourite scenes and prologues then in vogue, at the different spouting clubs, —at which he was a constant attendant——he seriously determined upon assuming the profession of a comedian; he now studied the part of Scrub, in the Stratagem; Simon in the Apprentice; of Polydore,

dore, in the Orphan; and Sir Harry Sycamore in the Maid of the Mill; these he concluded might be a sufficient stock to carry him through the season, at a new club, that was about to be instituted, at the Red Cross, in Barbican. There he strutted the hero of the Smoaky Society; was sole arbiter in all the differences that occurred; settled the bill of fare for the night, and conducted himself so as to conciliate the esteem of the whole society. Thursday evenings were allotted for the meeting of these sons of Thalia, the admission was not confined to the candidates for dramatic fame, but whoever chose to pay seven-pence, were not only admitted, but also had sixpenny-worth of whatever the house afforded, and as much Virginia as they chose to consume, and sometimes they were so crowded that the young Thespian had as severe an ordeal to pass, as though it had been at a Theatre Royal.—It was here that he attracted the notice of Lee, who engaged him for the ensuing summer at Manchester, at one guinea a week, and half a benefit. One evening the first scene of the Orphan was to open the entertainment—just before the last bell announced it time to begin, a quarrel arose between Castalio and Polydore, the former turning round, rather short, to speak to a person behind him, accidentally broke his brother buskin's pipe, and not making a sufficient apology, it was highly resented by Polydore, coarse language ensued, and from that to blows.—Our hero could not appease the combatants till one had a pair of black eyes, and the other

lost two of his fore teeth; however, their thirst for dramatizing was so great that they shook hands, and on the ringing of the bell commenced the scene. Castalio began, "*How sporty ath been rbe better for rbe danger.*" The unfortunate Castalio had scarce lisped forth these words than the laugh became loud and general, the irreparable defect in his voice, occasioned by the dismission of his two front teeth, rendered him scarcely intelligible. and the grotesque appearance of Polydore's marked visage, which now began to be tinged with a purple hue, joined with the appositeness of Castalio's speech, set the whole company in such a risible and vociferous humour, that it was with the utmost difficulty our friend Edwin could obtain a hearing in Scrub, for which part he was dressed, with the hind part of a bob wig before, a red waistcoat with sleeves, a little rose pink on his cheeks, and his eyebrows blackened with burnt cork; in this part he was universally admired, and the entertainments of the evening concluded without any more fracas.

At this time, a distant relation, died worth 50000*l.* which he bequeathed to public charities, and had nominated twelve trustees to superintend the business, to this charge Mr. Edwin was appointed secretary, with a salary of thirty pounds a year, and many perquisites; at the expiration of a twelvemonth Edwin resigned his secretaryship, with about 200*l.* in his pocket.

His

His strong predilection for theatrical pursuits overcame every other consideration, and stimulated him to commence the arduous task of courting the notice of the public.

With this resolution he left the metropolis, without taking leave of any of his friends—but here a most laudable action of his must not be overlooked.—His father being in embarrassed circumstances, Edwin, with the most filial duty, made him a present of the whole 200l. he had amassed in his office of secretary, and began the world a new, with nothing but the dramatic furniture contained in his brain.

In the sixteenth year of his age he commenced actor. and made his first public debut at Manchester, whose theatre was then under the direction of Lee.—Justice Woodcock and Sir Harry Sycamore were the favourite parts of our hero, who, in them, was considered as a prodigy. Here he commenced acquaintance with Mrs. Baddeley, who, at that time was hardly known in London, not having performed but a few nights at Drury-lane Theatre. They frequently rehearsed together in private, and it was supposed he was the happiest and most favoured of her admirers in that town.

Before the conclusion of the season he was engaged by Mossop, at thirty shillings a week, to perform at his theatre, in Smock-alley, Dublin.

Immediately on his arrival in the Hibernian capital, he procured him a lodging in a two pair of stairs back room, in a blind alley. where he obtained credit for his board till he should touch his salary—but as the profits of the theatre was, at that time, but very scanty, poor Edwin frequently returned from the treasury, on pay day, with one-fourth of his just rights. His first characters in Dublin were Sir Philip Modelove, in the Bold stroke for a Wife, and Lord Trinket, in the Jealous Wife, in both of which he gained no credit, but the next, which was Justice Woodcock, amply attoned for his ill success in the former. Edwin continued with Mossop till the finances of the theatre were so low, that the performance could not go on till the money came in to buy candles, and redeem their wardrobe from the pawnbrokers; when he accepted an offer from Ryder to perform at Waterford.

In this deranged state of Smock-alley theatre, Edwin's fertile invention was set to work to prevent him from starving, as the treasurer was deaf to any claim for money. Our hero contrived to be arrested by a friendly writ, on a night in which he was to perform a principal part, and then sent word to the manager that eight or ten pounds were necessary to liberate him. This trick he played off the first time with tolerable success on Mossop, but being at a loss for cash to defray his expences to Waterford, he attempted it a second, in which he failed; the manager made an apology,

apology, and although it was the principal part that Edwin was to have performed, yet the company permitted it to be read, and poor Pilgarlick was obliged to quit the spunging-house without any aid from the dramatic Demagogue.

In this forlorn condition—*sans sous—sans souci*, he joined partnership with a Dutch fidler, also engaged by Ryder, whose generosity they formed a plan of besieging, who capitulated for one guinea and a half, and a recommendation to some people of Waterford, to give them credit on their arrival.

With this supply they commenced their pedestrian journey to Waterford, a march of near ninety miles; their outset proved not the most favourable; a continual shower attended on them for the first fourteen miles, when both parties finding themselves fatigued they took shelter in a cabin, or hut, built with mud, and covered with thatch, in the center of which is the fire, generally made of turf; round it the family, travellers, pigs, poultry, &c. take their place; in one corner is straw spread for their beds; in another, usually, a trench is dug and filled with water, a convenience for the dabbling of two or three ducks; when the landlord of these humble habitations can afford it, they sell whisky and malt liquor, which is intimated to the thirsty traveller, by an old pipe stuck in the thatch, with a rag at the end of it. The price of a night's lodging, in these earthy habitations, is one penny! Here our hungry, fatigued, and half-drowned

drowned sons of merriment, dried their garments, and diverted their grumbling gizzards with eggs and bacon, and washing them down with a noggin of whiskey, found themselves in tolerable spirits; they took it in their heads to measure back their morning's march, and accordingly, at the close of day, reached the sinoaky metropolis of Ierne.

The remains of the guinea and half, which they had extracted from the generosity of the new manager, was soon expended, and Edwin proposed to the Dutchman, to *kick* him for a fresh supply. Ryder, who had not finished recruiting, and still in town, was astonished at their appearance; reproached them with the non-performance of their agreement; but not being able to open his theatre without their assistance, reluctantly advanced them another guinea and half, which enabled them to perform their journey, and they arrived at Waterford in little more than two days.—Agrecably to their letters, they took up their abode at a friend of the managers, whose sign declared he dealt in the following articles, whiskey, claret, brandy, rum, Holland's gin, London porter, tobacco of all sorts. strung beads for Roman Catholics, colours for painters, ground starch, pumice-stone, tea, sugar, coffee, currants, raisins, figs, and red herrings;—they were well received by their host. Being idle, the actor and the son of Orpheus frequently set too, at cribbage, and in lieu of cash, sported their wardrobe; when fortune frown-

ing

ing upon the comedian, his whole *kit* was soon transferred to the victorious fidler. In this mortifying situation he was also presented by his host with his bill, for board and lodging—which operated like an electrical stroke upon his faculties, and which induced him to reflect seriously on his follies.—As the grocer was not relentless, he was, though not without some difficulty, prevailed upon to wait till he should have entered upon his vocation, in which he had the good fortune to please the town, and he honourably kept his word with his landlord. At his benefit he cleared twenty-five pounds, which lasted him only three weeks, and he set off on his return to Dublin, with only six shillings in his pocket.

At this period Edwin paid his addresses to Miss Hawke, a favourite and useful actress in the Waterford company, but not chusing to venture upon matrimony, on which string the heroine used frequently to touch; he always evaded, with great dexterity, the lady's hints on that head, though he sometimes thought that her abilities would enable her to pay her share of the mews—for she had great merit in her *line*; could take three *parts* in a night, and always made herself useful to the manager. She could go on in any character at a day's notice, and it is affirmed, she actually performed in one night Imoinda and Captain Driver in *Oroonoko*, and in another, Lady Townly and John Moody, in the *Provoked Husband*. The Waterford season being expired, the company assembled

sembled to take a parting glass, when lo, our friend had the mortification to learn that he was supplanted in the affections of his mistress by a French dancer, nick-named Shuter, who, after our hero had finished his decorous visits to her, used to succeed him as an ardent lover, and reap the fruits of that flame the simple comedian had unwittingly raised. This intelligence of his mistress's falshood, escaped the lips of his capering rival, when his mind was unlocked by a too potent libation of whiskey, which they had made together. The son of Thespis treasured up the unwary tale in his memory, and the next morning waited on the lady—replete with scorn and indignation, he taunted her with the discretion of her new lover, who recounted her frailty to every one who would take a noggin or two of whiskey with him; and, with a significant and contemptuous sneer, took his leave, advising her to fix her talons on some other pidgeon, for he was resolved never to become the prey of a hawk. It is not to be supposed that our hero had no other love affair on his hands, for he was, he pretended, violently smitten with the charms of a Miss Norah Mac Smotherem, the only daughter of an eminent timber and fruit merchant, in the town. Miss Norah had some predilection for the stage—could sing a tolerable song, and had a speech or two, by heart, out of Romeo and Juliet, in which, if it had not been for a very prevalent and mischievous smack of the brogue, she possibly might have made herself understood.—In order to obtain an avowal of
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a reciprocal flame from the young lady, Edwin frequently rehearsed Romeo to her Juliet, which condescension entirely gained her good graces ; but the father and mother, not being partial to the gentlemen of the sock and buskin, forbid the lover their house, and kept so strict an eye on their daughter's motions, that a meeting was not easily contrived. A mortality that happened in the family of the Mac Smotherem's furnished an opportunity for a meeting of the lovers. The deceased was to be waked the next night, and the old people being indisposed, Miss Norah was sent alone to pay this last duty to her departed relation. She contrived that her enamorado was invited to the ceremony—they met at an appointed place and proceeded to the wake ; on entering the house of woe, the stranger was formally introduced to the rest of the visitants, and received his share of cake, snuff, and whiskey. The coffin was placed on trussels in the middle of the room, without the lid ; the inconsolable widow hung over her departed lord, bathing his cold forehead with her briny tears, but, after some resistance, suffered herself to be torn from the corps, and prevailed upon to toss off a noggin of the *crater*, which done, she sat down, and covering her face with her hands, wept with great vociferation. Her place of lamentation was not long unoccupied, for Kitty Mac Taggart, a cousin-german to Phelim Mac Mulligan, the deceased, rose from a corner of the room and flew to the bier, where she ejaculated her grief in such tones, as, I doubt not, were

were heard at a leagues distance. "Arrah now, Phalim," says she, "why did you die?—spake, why did you die?" The whole circle of mourners now set up such a horrid yell, that the tympanum of poor Edwin's ears were in evident danger, and he would have left the company to finish the ceremony by themselves, had not the persuasive Norah, by a gentle and significant squeeze of the hand, assured him of being well paid for his endurance, when the meeting broke up. When the assembly had sufficiently tired their lungs, a pause ensued for a few minutes, when Thady Mac Nab called on the beauteous Miss Mac Smotherem for a song, who after a few apologies, fung a curious ballad, which the reader will find in p. 50. page 81, of the Oddities—when the fair syren came to the finishing monosyllable of Whack, the whole company clapped their hands, and repeated the word with a sonorous emphasis.—Every thing was conducted quietly till midnight, when the catholic priest, who presided over the ceremony got up, and hiccup'd out, "bad luck to you, Phalim, why are you after dying my jewel, and leaving all your friends in the quandaries? och! you were a comical taef; to be sure you don't remember when I cotch'd you with Katy O'Fuster, you don't, you shabroon, but I forgive you," and putting a short pipe between the teeth of the departed, added, "take that honey, it will keep you comfortable in the cold weather, my jewel;" another of the company insisted upon his having some swipes to his tobacco, and endeavouring
to

to affix a bottle of whiskey to his mouth, was opposed by the disciple of St. Peter, and in the scuffle the contending parties, dead body and all, came to the ground; the lifeless trunk rolled out of the coffin; all was confusion; and Edwin taking the hint from Norah followed her out at the door, and left the mourners to gather up the dead body, and part the combatants in the best manner they could.

To make amends for the *error* which the comedian had suffered during the evening, he proposed to Miss Norah to go to a snug room and rehearse a scene or two in Romeo and Juliet, to which the damsel, without much reluctance consented, and he performed his part so much to her satisfaction that she offered to follow him over the world. Whether from some qualms of conscience, or what motive we know not, but he strongly pointed out the sin of undutifulness to parents, and advised her not to think of leaving them, perhaps, some day or other, he might get her a profitable engagement, but, at present prudence required them to part, and accordingly wished her a good morning.

The young lady put a good face on the matter, returned to the wake, which had not broke up, and Edwin went to his lodgings highly pleased with his nocturnal adventure. Having only six shillings remaining from the receipt of his benefit, as before observed, he set out on foot for Dublin, and was overtaken

taken on the road by a brother Thespian ; they had not travelled together more than four miles, when they were hailed by Shuter, the dancer, who, upon hearing of Edwin's departure strained every nerve to join him, and getting within sight of them, and nearly exhausted with the expedition he had used, was obliged to bring them too with a halloo ; on looking behind them they spied their light-heeled friend puffing and blowing to overtake them, they accordingly waited for him, and being near a Shebeen-house, or Irish cabin—the door invitingly open, induced our travellers to rest themselves ; after taking what refreshment the place afforded, which they washed down with a bottle of right Nantz, and a piper, at that instant, passing the hut for Waterford, was lugged in by Shuter, and presented with a full noggin, which after he had seen the bottom of, pulled out his pipe and regaled them with a tune ; what with the effects of the brandy, and the mellifluous notes that issued from the pipe, the merry triumvirate struck up a dance, and was as happy as any mortals could be in their circumstances. The brandy being out, the dancers rather fatigued, and night approaching, they parted in pursuit of their different avocations ; the dancer and piper to Waterford, and the actors to Dublin. The theatre under Mr. Mosfop's management opened soon after Edwin's arrival ; that gentleman relieved his wants, and engaged him, and though his payments were not punctual, yet experience had taught him to make up the deficiencies with

with discretion; a month sometimes passed without a week's pay; frequently an office for payment, was announced on a Saturday night, after performance, when actors, carpenters, taylor's, scenemen, bill stickers, door-keepers, fidlers, lamplighters, composers, call-boys, copyists, authors, &c. &c. pressed forward to the office, like a Cornish congregation, on the news of a wreck, striving who should be foremost, and happy was he that touched his stipend.

At this time Edwin had contracted an acquaintance with Mr. Waldegrave, a performer at Smock-alley theatre, with whom he agreed to take French leave of the Irish manager, whose theatre was very indifferently attended, and consequently the performer's salary's felt the effects thereof, inasmuch, that our hero's evening repast was often reduced to a pipe of Oroonoko, and a draught of small swipes. The day arrived for the embarkation, when to elude the suspicion of the manager, they took a boat at a small village, about two miles from Dublin, and rowed out in the offing, where they waited the packets getting under sail, and got safe on board; they were scarce on ship-board when it began to blow fresh, which made our travellers recollect they were out of their element, and they soon perceived the motion of the vessel to have nearly the same effect as that of indulging too freely in libations to the Rosy God; our unfortunate son of Momus, having quitted his hold of the mizen shrouds, to which he

had stuck as fast as a hungry cat to a shoulder of mutton, from the moment he had arrived on board, in order to descend into the belly of the ship, as he termed it, on account of some strange movements in his own, by a sudden pitch of the vessel, his faithless legs refused their office, and flew from under their comical burden, which came to the deck with so much violence that it quite deranged his whole budget of pleasantries, nor could all the address of his companion, though famous for his facetiousness, provoke a single smile the whole passage, which lasted twelve hours. When they arrived at Park-gate, their pockets, according to custom, not being in the most flourishing state, they walked to Chester, where Edwin, in consequence of his late disaster, found himself so ill that he could not proceed; they therefore, after some deliberation, proposed to decline their intended journey to Edinburgh for this season, and as there was a good company at Manchester, agreed that Waldegrave should immediately proceed alone, and offer terms to the manager; but whether the company was already full, or that his appearance was not prepossessing, we cannot say, but the negotiation did not succeed, and Edwin, on joining his friend, began to feel himself in a most disagreeable situation, not quite recovered from his indisposition, and depending on his companion for support, who frequently, and ungenerously, made him most poignantly feel the obligation, almost drove him to desperation; however, in a few days, chance furnished him with a friend

friend who enabled him to reimburse his illiberal companion, and defray his expences to Bewdly, from whence he had received an invitation from Mr. Heaton, who presided over a flying squadron of theatrical troops, then diverting the inhabitants of that town.

During his residence at Manchester, Mr. Rich had a benefit, which was announced by the following address to the public, in the form of a play bill.

THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

This present Monday, November 26, 1766,

By Desire of Mrs. NUBBS,

For the Benefit of

Mr. R I C H,

Who respectfully informs his friends and the public, that in consequence of his engagement for the winter season at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, his performance at this place, intended only at first for a certain number of nights, will terminate to-morrow evening, when his patrons will be presented with a Prelude, called

F U N U P O N F U N ;

O R,

W I T A T A P I N C H .

Barnwell, by Mr. Warren.

Noddy, by Mr. Leighton.

Gripeall, by Mr. Saunders:

Polly, by Mr. W. Saunders.

And Harry, (the Intriguing Footman) by

Mr. R I C H.

In which character he will transform himself into
a Giant-like Statue of Alexander the Great, and a
child of two years old !!!

End of the Prelude, a Song by Mr. Warwick.

After which (by desire) will be performed the ad-
mired Comedy of the

B E A U X S T R A T A G E M.

Archer, by Mr. Saunders.

Aimwell, by Mr. Collins.

Gibbet, by Mr. Tylar.

Boniface, by Mr. Devaulle.

Sullen, by Mr. W. Saunders.

And Scrub, by Mr. R I C H,

In which character he will introduce a new song, de-
scribing to the Audience,

O WHAT A BEAU HIS GRANNY WAS !

Dorinda, by Mrs. Mills.

Cherry, by Mrs. Greville.

Gipsy, by Mrs. Smart.

Lady Bountiful, by Mrs. Long.

And Mrs. Sullen, by Mrs. Collins.

To which will be added the Musical Entertainment of
The **BRITISH TAR**;

O R,

T H O M A S A N D S A L L Y.

The Squire, by Mr. Tylar.

And, Thomas, (the Sailor) by Mr. RICH.

Dorcas, by Mrs. Mills.

And Sally, by Miss Collins.

A Hornpipe by Mr. Leighton.

After

After the dance Mr. Tylar will attempt the Minuet in Ariadne, on a Broomstick, in the manner of the late Matthew Skeggs.—After which a new speaking, singing, comic, descriptive; classical and circumstantial oration, called the

RICHONIAN BUDGET:

O R,

PEEPING TOM'S Ramble through COVENTRY,

Humourously describing his observations in his adventures through the town and its environs, &c. &c. Particularly

The Rivers TOR and ISWELL,
The Manchester Manufactures,
The College,
The Market Place,
And the Theatre,

By Mr. RICH.

The whole to conclude with an Address, in which Mr. RICH will divulge A

MATRIMONIAL SECRET;

O R,

A NEW WAY to keep a WIFE at HOME!!!

N. B. On account of the length, and great variety of entertainments, Mr. RICH pledges himself to the Public, that the curtain shall rise precisely at half past Six, and the whole of the performances conclude at half past Ten o'clock.

* * Mr. RICH respectfully begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has been anxiously
studious

studious, in the selection of the above pieces ; he has endeavoured to unite novelty with merit, and has, in consequence of that determination, spared no expence, in obtaining for them an unexceptionable evening's entertainment. The play is universally acknowledged to be the very best production of the celebrated Farquhar, and not inferior to the first of our English comedies, for delicate wit and true genuine humour. The Prelude, he flatters himself, will be found highly laughable ; and the local and descriptive humour of Peeping Tom's Ramble, cannot fail to give an additional zest to the night's diversion. Mr. Tylar's Minuet is expected to give general satisfaction, as well as the Address, and Matrimonial Secret. The whole night's performance will be supported by the strength of the company..

Mr. RICH presumes to hope that his exertions, on this occasion, will meet with that approbation and support, which will be his chiefest pride to merit.

☞ The way to the theatre will be swept, in every direction, and the house illuminated with wax.

††† It will be Moon-light.

Tickets, and places for the boxes to be taken of Mr. RICH, at Mr. Dizzy's, shoemaker, No. 31, Penny-street ; and of Mr. Sly, box-keeper, at the theatre,

THIS

THIS PRODIGIOUS PLAYBILL had the desired effect, the house overflowed from all parts, and Rich, was the only person pleased with the entertainment of the evening.—The pieces were mutilated of one half—the lights were not wax, but the worst of tallow—the avenues to the theatre ankle-deep in mud—and the moon disdained to shine!!

Edwin now took leave of Manchester, and hearing that there was a company performing at a town about twenty miles distant, proceeded thither on foot, with his wardrobe packed up in a pocket handkerchief, pendant from the hook of a crab-stick, thrown across his right shoulder; upon his arrival in the evening at Northwich, the unlucky Lingo found he had made a mistake, it being Namptwich where the itinerant tribe were detailing their effusions of the Muses: this discovery very sensibly affected him—his purse not being in a state to afford this deviation, his health far from being re-established, made a halt necessary. In the morning he rose with the sun, discharged his reckoning, replaced his properties on his faithful crab, and reached the Ship at Chester by dinner-time, a most important period;—being in admirable humour to form a trio with the landlady and her daughter, a handsome Brunette, of about eighteen. who were just sitting down to a smoking leg of pork, and pease pudding; he accepted their invitation, and most cheerfully played his part with great alacrity; here he rested three days,
and

and on the fourth, to the regret of both mother and daughter, who were highly delighted with the pleasantries and whimsicality of their mirth creating guest; pursued his route to Wrexham, where he took up his quarters at the Cannon, a little public-house; the civilities of his Welsh host and hostess, who were wonderfully fond of the marvellous, and in which they were plentifully supplied by their guest, made the hours pass imperceptibly till midnight, when a chasm in the conversation took place, and a general yawn pronounced it time to retire.

Edwin, after a hearty squeeze from the landlord sought his chamber, and in an instant threw off his cloaths, and committed himself to the arms of the drowsy god, but his slumbers were of short duration. An assembly of rats who were playing their gambols in his apartment, one of whom, in his way to the caxon, which was placed beneath the pillow; thither allured by the scent of the grease it contained, traversed the visage of the sleeping Thespian. The cold pats of the Norweigan immediately loosened the bands of Morpheus, and in the utmost trepidation he started up in the bed—in a few minutes he recollected himself, and guessed by the squeaking what his visitants were, set his wits to work how to get rid of them. Stealing with all imaginable caution to that corner of the room which seemed most thronged, he discharged the contents of the Jordan upon the convocation—but this manoeuvre had not the desired effect;

effect ; the quadrupeds, in less than ten minutes, returned to the charge with a large reinforcement, he now sent the pillows and bolster among them with all the force and good will he was master of—this was of no more effect than the former—the rats recovered their ranks as if in contempt of his indignation—however, he at last thought of an expedient, which answered his purpose—he was an excellent mimic, and thought he would make bold with the organs of Madam Pufs : the imitation was most successful—he mewed three times ; on the first, they pricked up their ears—their tails stood erect, and the symptoms of retreat were visible ; the second, they began to file off, and the third, left not a rat behind !

Relieved from the intruders, our hero sunk once more to rest, which was unbroken till Sol had advanced one fourth of his diurnal journey—when his host, wearied with waiting breakfast, waked him by a thundring knock at the door, and enquired if he wanted any breakfast—Edwin huddled on his cloaths, and descended to the kitchen where the tea equipage was displayed upon a round deal table, at which he sat down with the host and his wife, and after drinking eight or nine cups of the distillation of bohea, and eating a proportion of oaten bread, well spread with Irish butter, discharged his bill, and steered his course towards Bewdley ; where, after a long pilgrimage, he arrived in sight of its lofty spires, the delightful prospect recruited his spirits, and in a
quarter

quarter of an hour he found himself at the door of the Talbot, where he remained, anxiously expecting the coming of the manager, who had been apprized of his arrival by one of the servants to the Inn.

Mr. Heaton, and two of the principal performers, immediately repaired to the Talbot—after mutual enquiries, between the manager and performer, of the disposition of things in general, in the dramatic line—the part of Scrub was determined to be the most likely for Edwin to make a favourable impression on the inhabitants of Bewdly; the next evening was appointed for the performance, and, our pedestrian grimacier had the honour of administering satisfaction to a company of about Sixty auditors, who were assembled in a large barn.

Under the auspices of this provincial manager, Edwin continued to make himself useful, and assumed characters of all descriptions; Bajazet, Hob and Chronothologos, he has been known to perform on the same night, and in all, he had the singular good fortune of highly pleasing the bumpkins, among whom discernment was not eminently conspicuous.

At Bewdley he remained for three weeks without his finances being the least benefited; the audience, in their thatch'd theatre, every night diminished, and the company's treasury in a most piteous condition; in this untoward state, however, his confidence

dence and ingenuity still supported him—going to dress for Sir John Loverule, in the Devil to Pay; he demanded of the Property-man, (for such a man there was)! in an imperative tone for a dress—“ what will you have, Sir?” says the keeper of the regalia. —“ What had I on last night in Romeo?”—“ The green and gold, Sir.”—“ Had I,” retorted the comedian, “ then I will play Loverule in the blue and gold.”—But, that the reader may not be lost in wonder at the magnificence of their wardrobe, it will be necessary just to observe, that both the one and the other were composed of a dyed serge, edged with gilt leather. Our hero, who possessed the best voice, and being a greater proficient in Orphean strains than any of his comrades, frequently indulged his audience with a song between the acts. The benefit season coming on, Edwin was joined with one Smith, a person of very slender qualifications, and was then considered as the worst in the company! thus both ends of the company were linked together, as our friend was by far the first performer in Bewdley. — The *Revenge*, and the *Chears of Scapin*, with singing between the acts by Mr. Edwin, was fixed upon, and performed accordingly. The profits of this mighty night, after ranting, roaring, ficting, sweating, laughing, singing, dancing, for half a dozen hours, and defraying the expences, amounted to forty shillings each. As the two tragic, comic co-partners were returning from a village, near Bewdley, where they had been to collect their outstanding

D

debts.

debts, an alehouse door standing most invitingly open, they called in just to wash the dust out of their mouths with a tankard of ale, when observing a cribbage-board and pack of dirty cards on the table, the thoughtless pair immediately sat down, and before the second tankard was finished, the unfortunate Lingo was, of necessity, under the obligation of being treated by his lucky companion, who, by a fortunate run of cards, had got the produce of the whole benefit transferred into his pocket; however, he behaved with a degree of generosity on the occasion, and lent his unlucky partner one half his winning to support him till the next office, or pay day.

Nine weeks were passed since Edwin's arrival in Bewdley, and his indefatigable and unceasing endeavours, in his professional studies, were comparatively successful, and he was now master of *three golden guineas*—but the mortifying consideration that his riches would be hardly sufficient to answer the demands of his various creditors, considerably damped his joys, but Mr. Heaton, who had conceived a great friendship for his understrapper, most disinterestedly advanced him a sufficient sum to satisfy all demands, and retain the precious pictures of Majesty unbroken; he also gave him a recommendation to a manager at Preston, in Lancashire, whither our strolling son of Momus repaired, in high spirits.—His Coliolanus was received with great attention and respect

spect, by a judicious and discerning audience, nor was he less admired in Romeo, and his theatrical fame spread through all the neighbouring hamlets.

Our Thespian votary had taken up his quarters at a tallow-chandler's, near which resided two antiquated maidens; in their service was a fine rosy-faced country wench, who, by her oblique hints and significant looks, soon entrapped the susceptible heart of her theatrical neighbour, and an assignation was soon concerted between them. After the play, it was appointed that the love-smitten Romeo should re-act the garden scene with Nell (for so was y'clep'd the heroine). Every thing succeeded according to the most sanguine desires of the happy lovers; the wall scaled, and the hero gained the kitchen, where he was regaled, not only with amorous sighs and kisses, but a most formidable venison pasty was set before him, and a jug of fine old ale, to which, as well as to the other part of the entertainment, he did equal honour. Frequently were their evenings thus employed, when at length the facetious, or rather mischievous son of Momus, took it in his head to scare the *tabbies*, as he called them, and creeping up stairs to the chamber-door of the two old ladies, placed his mouth to the key-hole, through which he breathed such strange and uncouth sounds that filled the furrowed spinsters with terror. The next day they consulted the parson and several of their pious acquaintance, and the general opinion was, that their

house was haunted. The landlord immediately received a formal notice, that they would no longer remain his tenants; but he, being by no means superstitious, insisted that the ladies were mistaken, and that he would sit up the ensuing night, and accordingly, armed with a blunderbuss, took his station in a private room, unknown to the fair inhabitant of the kitchen; on the verge of midnight Edwin, according to custom, gave three gentle taps on the garden door, and was admitted. After the amorous prelude had subsided, his waistcoat well stretched with the contents of the cupboard, and his spirits exhilarated with a second jug of brown nappy, the purring of a large he cat, of the tabby kind, awakened his mischievous disposition.

The unconscious animal was enjoying himself in a snug corner of the chimney, when he was seized by the laughter-loving mortal, who shod poor puss with walnut-shells, he had prepared with wax for the purpose, and then turned him loose about the house; this unaccountable noise soon reached the ears of the vigilant landlord, who hurried down stairs to the field of action; the apparent approaches of this unknown guest caused great trepidation in the countenances and frames of the lovers. Edwin escaped, and had actually attained the summit of the garden wall, when his pursuer levelled his blunderbuss and discharged its contents at the flying comedian, but happily he descended the wall untouched by the leaden

messengers, but his mind being so much occupied in voiding the fury of his adversary, that he had paid no attention to the side on which he was to alight, and dropping, or rather tumbling from the eminence, he was received by a butt of water, the reservoir of a neighbouring house—here again his good genius interfered, or our hero would have met with a watery grave; but the stand which sustained the water-cask being rotten, the sudden shock of the falling actor brought the whole to the ground; thus half-drowned, cursing his folly, and forswearing any repetition of his nocturnal visits he reached his habitation. An unlucky circumstance happening soon after this to one of the company, who was taking notice of by the mayor, for borrowing a few silver spoons, in a frolic; the magistrate not relishing the joke, sent the unfortunate jester to Lancaster, with two lusty guards, and his wrists ornamented with ruffles, rather more inconvenient than cambrick—and immediately dismissed the whole company from the town, threatening any loiterers with the stocks and whipping-post; and they were all obliged to obey this cruel mandate in three hour's time.

Edwin, much chagrined at this disgraceful ejection, continued wandering along the high road, when he was overtook by the Liverpool waggon, with the driver of which he contracted for his conveyance to London, where he arrived, after a journey of seven days, with the well-known celerity of these cumbrous

vehicles, they arrived at an inn, in the very center of the metropolis, y'clep'd the Swan with two Necks, where he rested himself a day, when he hired a two-pair of stairs back room, in Hemmings's-row, which cost him three shillings and sixpence weekly. His reflections now were not of the most pleasing kind, and he was much perplexed to determine in what line he should devote his future studies, as he was almost tired of the mortifications he had suffered in attending the Muses. Many were his projects, but one was no sooner started but it gave way to another; however, after wavering some time, between the three professions of law, physic, and divinity, for which he found himself equally well adapted, he made choice of physic, and accordingly, the next day, proposed to search all the old book stalls in town, to pick up a second-hand dispensatory, that he might study the use of drugs, &c.

This material point being settled, and the day far spent, yet too early for bed, he stepped into the Coach and Horses, in Castle-street, to regale himself with some of the excellent *porter*, for which he knew that house was famous. The stage, and performers were the evening's topic, which revived the dormant theatrical passion in the breast of our hero, and he immediately abandoned all thoughts of his newly adopted profession—and the next morning wrote to his good friend Mr. Heaton, who, by the next post returned a most obliging and kind answer,
and

and offered him an immediate engagement at fifteen shillings a week certain, which Edwin instantly closed with, and repaired to Bewdley without delay, where he reassumed his honourable avocation, and soon became the most considerable personage in the whole company.

Soon after Mr. Arthur, the low comedian, of the Theatre-royal, at Bath, departed this mortal stage, the manager, Mr. Lee, was at a loss for a proper substitute; after his imagination had been tortured a considerable time, to no purpose, he suddenly recollected his old recruit, which he had formerly enlisted for his Manchester theatre, and a letter was instantly dispatched to Bewdley, inviting Edwin, in the strongest and most flattering terms, to engage once more under his banner. This proposal was acceded to with the utmost joy, on the part of the actor; who punctually discharged all his debts—shook hands with the actors, down to the call-boy; kissed the ladies—took a place in the machine, and arrived at Bath on the second day of October, 1768.

Ferriwinkle, in *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*. was his first character, which was followed by Sir Harry Symcamere, in the *Maid of the Mill*; in these parts he gave such universal satisfaction that Arthur, who had been so great a favourite, was no longer regretted.

It was at this time his acquaintance commenced with Mrs. Walmley, who was then a reputable millener, in Horse-street; the consequences of this connection are sufficiently known, therefore a recital of them, at present, would be totally unnecessary.

As Edwin's salary was under two pounds a week, he was obliged to be rather economical in his expences, and though his finances received no considerable augmentation during his residence in Bath, yet he felt himself highly gratified in pleasing both his audience and employer, and as he had a fixed engagement, his mind was more at ease; being of a methodical turn, he arranged the business of the part, in his mind, previous to his performance, and by a strict perseverance in his attendance in the Theſpian court, he juſtly acquired great celebrity.

In the ſummer of 1775, he was engaged by the late Samuel Foote, Eſq. the Ariſtophanes of the age, to perform at his theatre, in the Haymarket, at a ſalary of three pounds per week, and made his firſt appearance before a London audience in the part of Flaw, in the Manager's comedy of the Cozeners; but his ſucceſs, in the firſt inſtance, was far from being ſo favourable as the ſanguine expectations of his friends had ſuggeſted; however, in the character of Jobſon, in the Devil to Pay, the ſecond he appeared in, gained him great applauſe, and in which appeared

peared the first sparks of that true comic fire which soon blazed forth to the annihilation of all competition.

The third character was Billy Button, in the Maid of Bath; the next morning the papers were crouded with his praises, and he was pronounced a valuable acquisition to the stage.

He now received the most unequivocal marks of public favour, and finishing the season with great *clat*, returned to his friends in the West, where he passed the winter at an advanced salary of four pounds per week.

In the summer of 1776 he revisited the metropolis; during his absence the Haymarket theatre had devolved to George Colman, Esq. who engaged our hero at the same salary he had the last year. Hardcastle, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *Midas*, were the parts he first appeared in, and Miss Farren made her first appearance, the same night, in *Miss Hardcastle*.

At this period he received overtures from Mr. Harris, of Covent-garden theatre—the manager offered five pounds—the actor required seven, and continuing inflexible in his demand, was shortly after engaged at that salary.

His

His first essay was in the character of Touchstone, in *As You Like It*, where he was not quite so happy as in the part of Midas, which he performed the same evening with general applause. The principal reason of his engagement at this theatre, was to perform the part of Punch in Dibbins's pantomime of *Harlequin Every where*. But Master Stephen, in *Every Man in his Humour*, was the character wherein his vast comic powers were drawn forth, and from his fine acting, that evening, was prefaged every thing that could produce him honour and profit, as an inimitable comedian.

At the conclusion of the season he raised his demands on the manager, and obtained an engagement of eight pounds a week for three years, which was afterwards increased to twelve, and continued so till his death.

The last ten years of his life he enjoyed a handsome competence, and becoming independant, he became inactive; month succeeded month—year succeeded year, and no occurrence that could gratify curiosity happened, and ceasing to be distressed, he ceased to be a wanderer.

Edwin had been completely happy but for his late indiscreet marriage, and the desertion of Mrs. Walmfley, with whom he had lived, in a state of matrimony, nearly twenty years, had several children
by

by her, and was considered by every body as his lawful wife. This conduct needs no comment, and sufficiently imbibited his last moments.

In March 1790, Mr. Lee Lewes having a benefit at Canterbury, whither our hero repaired to assist his old friend, and performed *Jemmy Jumps*, in the *Farmer*; when, such was the avidity with which all ranks of people crowded to see this favourite son of the *Laughing God*, that, at three o'clock, all the avenues to the theatre were entirely stopped up, and the throng was so great that the ladies in their carriages could not approach, and were obliged to sit a long time in the street, and at last to enter by the stage door, and cross the orchestra to the boxes, by planks laid on the spikes for that purpose.

The next day our pair of droles took it in their heads to pay a visit, post-haste to Paris, with their ladies. On their arrival, in order to stretch their legs, they straggled to the *Thuilleries*, where our hero, dressed in a rough searnought furtout, and half tipsy with *Burgundy*, attracted the notice of the *Heir Apparent* to the *Gallic throne*, who eyed him with eager curiosity, and after contemplating him from head to foot exclaimed, *ma foi c'est un drole de corps.*

Soon after his return from this excursion, his health visibly declined, and by the advice of his physicians,

sicians, he took a lodging at the Bald-faced Stag, on Epping Forest, where he remained near a month, and then returned to town.—In July he took a lodging on Clapham Common, but finding the air too cold returned to his apartments in Bedford-street.

The last character he appeared in was Gregory Gubbins, in the Battle of Hexham. A few weeks previous to his dissolution, upon a consultation of the physicians, it was determined, as their opinion, that without an immediate change of climate, he would infallibly fall a victim to his disorder, and in pursuance of their directions, a passage was taken for him on board a Danish vessel, bound for Italy; but he was too far gone, the Grim Tyrant arrested him ere he began his journey, and on the 30th of October, 1790, he breathed his last, at Mr. Lewis's, chymist, Bedford-street, Covent-garden, in the forty-second year of his age.

On Sunday, the 7th of November, his remains were accompanied to the grave by an immense concourse of spectators, and were deposited in St. Paul's Church-yard, Covent-garden, between those of Dr. Arne and his prototype, Shuter.

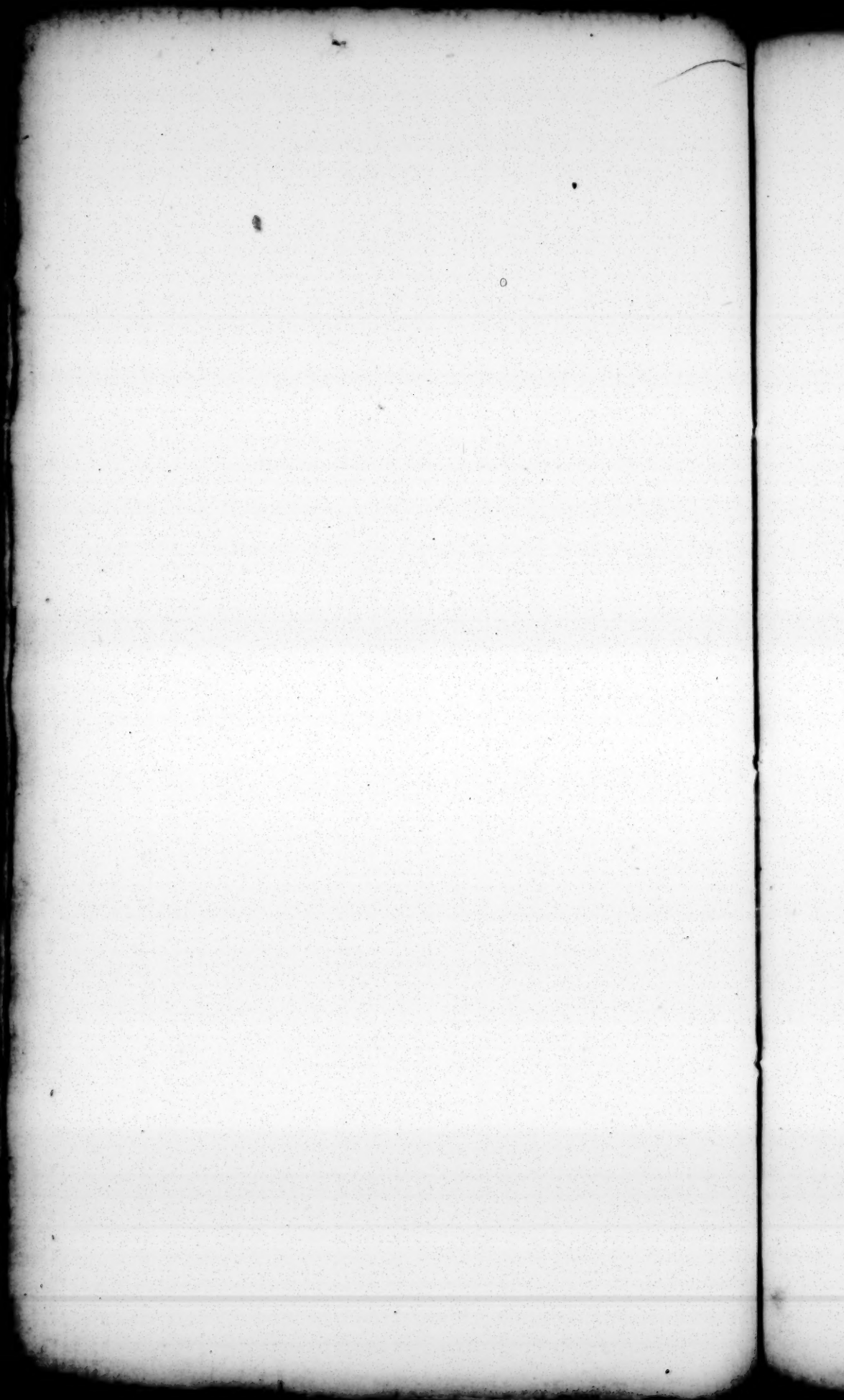
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BEING A CHOICE COLLECTION

O F

HUMOROUS SONGS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



WILLIAM W. CRUSADE.

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COVEN

Agreeable
Crusade
Czar
Castle of
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Choice of
Dead Alive
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O F

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Sung by that FACETIOUS and CELEBRATED

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AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

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COVENT GARDEN AND THE HAYMARKET,

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| Czar | Love and War | Siege of Curzola |
| Castle of Andalusia | Lady of the Manor | Spanish Barber |
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| Choice of Harleq. | Midas | Son-in-Law |
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And

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EDWIN'S ODDITIES.

S O N G.

LINGO, *in the Agreeable Surprise.*

AIR.---*The Mouse and the Frog*

AMO amas,
I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender;
Sweep Cowslips grace
Is her nom'tive case,
And she's of the feminine gender.

C H O R U S.

*Rorum corum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum scarum
Divo!*

*Tag, rag, merry derry, perriwig and hatband,
Hic, hoc, horum genitivo!*

Can I decline
A nymph divine?

B

Her

Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*,
 Her *oculis* bright,
 Her *manus* white,
 And soft, when I *tactō*, her pulse is.

C H O R U S.

Rorum, corum, &c.

Oh how *bella*
 My *puella*!
 I'll kiss *secula seculorum*:
 If I've luck, Sir,
 She's my *uxor*,
 O *dies benedictorum*!

C H O R U S.

Rorum, corum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum scarum
Divo!

Tag, rag, merry derry, perrivig and batband,
Hic, hoc, horum genitico!

S O N G.

From the same.

SUCH beauties in view, I
 Can never praise too high;
 Not Pallas's blue eye
 Is brighter than thine.
 Not fount of Susannah,

Nor

Nor gold of fair Danaë,
 Not moon of Diana,
 So clearly can shine !
 Not beard of Silenus
 Nor tresses of Venus,
 I swear by Quæ Genus !

 With your's can compare ;
 Not Hermes' Caduces,
 Nor flower-de-luces,
 Nor all the Nine Muses,
 To me is so fair.

C H O R U S.

What posies,
 And roses,
 To noses
 Discloses
 Your breath all so sweet ?
 To the tip
 Of your lip,
 As they trip,
 The bees dip,
 Honey sip,
 Like choice flip,
 And their hybla forget.

When girls like you pass us,
 I saddle Pegasus,
 And ride up Parnassus,
 To Helicon's stream :
 Even that is a puddle,

Where others may muddle;
 My nose let me fuddle
 In bowls of your cream.
 Old Jove the great hector,
 May tipple his Nectar,
 Of Gods the director,
 And thunder above:
 I'd quaff off a fall can
 As Bacchus or Vulcan.
 Or Jove the old bull can,
 To her that I love.

Chorus----What posies, &c.

S O N G.

AIR.---*Irish Tune*.

LINCO.

OF all the pretty flowers,
 A Cowslip's my delight:
 With that I'd pass my hours,
 Both morning, noon, and night.
 To be sure I would, &c.

This Cowslip smell'd so sweetly,
 And look'd so fresh and gay,
 Says I, you're dress'd so neatly,
 We'll have a bit of play.
 To be sure we will, &c.

One

One evening in the dairy,
 'Twas lying on the shelf,
 I kifs'd the pretty fairy,
 And then lay down myself.

To be sure I did, &c.

This flower one morning early
 Upon a bed did rest ;
 I lov'd to pull it dearly,
 And stick it in my breast.

To be sure I could, &c.

S O N G.

PEDRILLO, *in the Castle of Andalusia.*

A Master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a haily,
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Giggling,
 Niggling,
 Galloping, galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
 With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
 With her haily, &c.

We met with a Friar and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 By the Lord, says the Friar, you're both gone astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 We wander alone like the babes in the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily,
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Niggling,
 Giggling,
 Galloping, Galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

S O N G.

From the same.

A Soldier I am for a lady,
 What beau was e'er arm'd completer?
 When face to face,
 Her chamber the place,
 I'm able and willing to meet her.

Gad's

Gad's curse, my dear lasses, I'm ready
To give you all satisfaction;

I am the man
For the crack of your fan,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

Your bobbins may beat up a row-dow-dow,
Your lap-dog may out with his bow-wow-wow,
The challenge in love,
I take up the glove,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

S O N G.

PEDRO, *in the Choleric Fathers.*

OF ups and downs we daily see
Examples most surprising,
The High and Low of each degree,
Now falling are, now rising;
Some up, some down, some in, some out,
Some neither one nor t'other;
Knaves, Fools, Jews, Gentiles, join the rout,
And jostle one another!
With my heigho!
Gee-up! gee-ho!
Higgledy piggledy!
Truth, honour, honesty!
Trim tram!
Your honesty's scarce,
Honour's grown a mere farce,
And poor truth! baw! an obsolete whim-wham!

By

By ups and downs, some folks they say,
 Among grandees have got, Sir,
 Who were themselves, but yesterday,
 The Lord knows who, or what, Sir!
Sans sense, or pence, in Merit's chair
 They dose and dream supine-o!
 But how the Devil they came there---
 That neither you nor I know.

With my heigho! &c.

Your Country maid comes up to town,
 A simple awkward body;
 In half a year goes again down,
 No Peacock half so gaudy!
 Lord, Ma'am! exclaims the Lawyer's wife,
 With scandal ever ready,
 You see the ups and downs of life
 Have made our Meg a Lady.

With my heigho! &c.

Virtue and Vanity are grown
 Mere buckets in a well, Sir:
 The last gets up, the first gets down,
 As all the world can tell, Sir;
 So many downs poor Virtue meets,
 Her ups so very few, Sir,
 'Tis said she's naked met i' th' streets,---
 But that is nothing new, Sir.

With my heigho! &c.

Oh!

Oh! what an age of ups and downs,
 Hey! seven's the main, my Lord thrice knocks,
 Lands, Liberties, Manors, and Towns,
 Are rattling in the dice-box!
 Up flie the fools! on ruin bent,
 While they are full in feather;
 Get pluck'd, then rumbling down are sent,
 Whoop! pell-mell all together.

With my heigho! &c.

S O N G.

From the same.

YOUR Mountain, Sack, your Frontiniac,
 Tokay, and twenty more, Sir!
 Your Sherry, and Perry, which make men merry,
 Are Deities I adore, Sir!
 And well may Port
 Your praise extort,
 When from his palace forth he comes!
 And glucks and gurgles! fumes and foams!
 Old Rum, Arrack, and Coniac,
 Are known for men of might, Sir!
 Nor shall Sir Flasket Florence lack,
 A place among my knights, Sir!
 Don Calcavalla,
 Is a noble fellow!

When from, &c.

Madeira,

Madeira, Monarch, him I sing!
 And Old Hock, lo! another!
 Champagne is my most Christian King!
 And Burgundy's his brother;
 Bold Bordeaux! too,
 Shall have his due!

When from, &c.

If singly, thus, each Champion may
 So many laurels gather,
 Gods! what a glorious Congress, they,
 When all are met together!
 When high in state
 Each Potentate

Forth from, &c.

S O N G.

From the same.

A Mercer I am in a very good stile,
 Neat and pretty by jingo!
 I bow and smirk,
 I noddle and jerk,
 Then prick up and perk,
 And simper and smile;
 With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!
 Lord, I am quite the thing!
 With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!

At

At Bagnigge Wells sometimes I sip tea,
 At Illington sup good flingo;
 I shut up my shop,
 And out of town pop,
 Then dance at the hop;
 He! he! he! he! he!

With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!
 A'n't I quite the thing?
 With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!

S O N G.

PHILLIP, *in the Czar.*

WHEN a buxom girl I see,
 I never ask her what country,
 If she's plump,
 My heart jumps,
 Thus beats tat-too.

Tip-a-tap-a, tap-a-tip-a-tap, tip, taw,
 Or slender waist,
 Just hits my taste,

Delicate, tiny, winy, kiss'd you'll be,
 Fair, or black, or brown, or red, all girls for me.

When a blythe Scotch lass I ken,
 Oh! what's the matter with me then?

Such a rout
 Hereabout,
 My heart bonny!

Tip-a-tap-a, tap-a, tip-a, tap. tip, taw.

'Tis

'Tis hoot awa,
 But her ey'en say bra',
 Bufs and crack a Bannock bonny lad wi'me,
 Haggus and a methier of gude auld whiskey.

An Irish woman when I see,
 Oh! what's the matter then with me.
 Oh! alack!

Botherum whack!
 Tip-a-tap-a, &c. my heart merry.
 Let me alone,
 But her eyes ogh hone!
 Cry poge-a, poge-a, poge-a, poge with me,
 Arrah, poge-a, poge-a, poge my Gramachree.

A fine French woman when I see,
 Oh! what's the matter then with me?
 Ah! mon ame,
 Oh, Madame.

Tip-a, tap-a, tap-a, tip-a, tip, taw.
 Her tongue says fie.
 But her eyes says oui,
 Baifez, baifez, baifez, avec moi,
 Venez baifer, baifer, un, deux, trois.

When an English girl I view,
 Then with heart and soul I woo.
 There it bounds,
 Death and 'ouns,
 Charming Nelly.
 Tap-a, rap-a, rap-a, tap-a, coc, cue, coo.

Tongue

Cries
 Ah!

I Co
 If I'n
 Well
 Or yo
 Oh, y
 You
 Of ha
 Let m
 Oh, y
 Aid m
 Jove
 With
 I at h
 At m

Who
 Whe
 Cut t
 Moun
 Laure
 Mars

Tongue may deny,
 But her roguish eye
 Cries kifs a, kifs-a, kifs'd I'll be,
 Ah! you wicked devil, come and kifs with me.

S O N G.

From the same.

I Confess, Ma'am, I'm a great man,
 If I'm prisoner of state, man,
 Well you must your prisoner use, Sir,
 Or your trust you'll much abuse, Sir;
 Oh, ye gods! what, no retreating?
 You must know I love good eating.
 Of hard battles I've been winner,
 Let me have a decent dinner;
 Oh, ye demons, foul and murky,
 Aid me!--let there be a turkey.
 Jove decrees I shou'd be taken
 With---a little bit of bacon:
 I at head of armies came on,
 At my side,---a jowl of salmon;
 Came, and conquer'd with applause,
 When I fought with---oyster sauce.

Who shall from me glory purloin,
 When I fac'd a---roasted sirloin?
 Cut thro' ranks all fierce and maddish,
 Mounted on my fam'd horse---Raddish;
 Laurels on my brows were budding,
 Mars himself loves a---plumb-pudding.

C

From

From my sword, foes trembling, pallid,
 Fled for---beet-root in the fallad.
 Farewel honour, fame, and pleasure!
 Cut from cheese a bit of Cheshire,
 Of my country the supporter,
 I plung'd into a---pot of porter.
 Can this noble spirit bear it,
 Without dozens of old claret?

Take me, Jailor, to your care,
 Take me to such noble fare.

S O N G.

SIR TROUBADOUR, *in the Crusade.*

THE Knight inspir'd with conqu'ring war,
 Delights to wield his shield and spear.

Oh, curse on this gout, such a foe to all fighting,
 It quite overcomes me, tho' cas'd up in steel;
 For while it is constantly tearing and biting,
 I freely confess that I know what I feel.

Lord, how it twitches!

Smarts as it itches!

Devil ne'er felt such a torment before:

Again now it pinches!

It kills me by inches;

A hundred mad cats wou'd n't tickle me more.

But hark, the lofty trumpet sounds,
 And calls again to war.

O curse on this gout, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

From the same.

SHE is the fairest, sweetest Fair,
 The loveliest that e'er walk'd, fir,
 So beautiful, she ne'er was seen,
 So witty, she ne'er talk'd, fir:
 She never dares to contradict,
 Or even think of billing;
 She neither dresses, eats or drinks,
 Or costs a single shilling.
 Then where's the knight who would not give
 The girl so fair a bonny bus?
 What married man who would not wish
 His wife, fir, an Anonymous?
 While other lovers weep and sigh,
 And daily, nightly, watch, fir,
 I love a princess in the sky,
 Who cannot fight or scratch, fir.
 In two things more she far outdoes
 All other wedded ladies---
 Her husband never can have horns,
 Or, what is worse, Sir, babies.

Then where's the knight, &c.

S O N G.

From the same.

YOU come into the presence, and there you do see,
Your princely prince of princes, so gallant and so free,
I say unto myself, who can these followers be,
That dare to stare, and wear their hair as they'd out-
wicker me?

Why, blind fools, base fools, you shall have no
quarter,

But find unto your cost that you have caught a
tatar.

Ods bobs here's fun! a prince with but one
boot on.

One royal leg without,
So none shall have preferment,
Unless he's got the gout.

My ministers of state must never fret or fume,
I live to laugh and quaff, and hate all grief and gloom;
So listen vassals all, should any one presume
To pout, and flout, and scout the gout, I'll kick
 them round the room;

What, dread drubs! poor scrubs! can't you plainly
 spy,

That you can kick, at least, full twice as well as I?

Ods Lobs! here's fun; point the toe with flannel on,

But let them laugh that win,
Your prince can't kick you out,
So you may all stay in.

SONG.

S O N G.

From the same.

KNIGHTS-errant of old,
 By their titles we're told,
 Thought more of their stomachs than fame;
 Each knight from some treat,
 Some plant or some meat,
 Uncourteously borrow'd his name.

SCOTCH TUNE----“ *Corn Rigs.*”

De'el burn you all, quoth St. Andrew,
 Let other Knights gang whistle,
 The bonny Scotsman kens his foes,
 And scratches with his thistle.

WELCH.----“ *Oh, be de nos.*”

Now, Cotsplood, quoth St. David,
 Oh, pless the Leek!
 Inteed the Welch Knight peats the Scot;
 Oh, pless the Leek!
 Milk, Cheese, and Curds, and Nanny Coats,
 With other treats we Taffies view,
 And tear and swear, and fight, look you,
 Oh, pless the Leek!

FRENCH---“ *Young Colin stole my heart away.*”

St. Dennis di, mes chere amis,
 En verite behold a me,
 We French Knights dance away, d'ye see,
 And fight for Frogs and Fricassee.

IRISH----“ *Ally Croaker.*”

St. Patrick hot as light'ning with whisky and old
Bumbo,

Cried out, “ don't bother thus, with noise and
Hurlo Thrumbo;

Here's one with his Shelaly, will suddenly all beat ye,
Unless your Frogs and Thistles yield to Pat and his
Potaty.

Oh, the plump Potaty,
The pretty plump Potaty

ENGLISH----“ *Rule Britannia.*”

When Errant Knights in proud array,

Assembled first on Clermont's plain,

This was the burden of their lay,

And every Champion join'd the strain:

St. George for ever! for ever live the chief,

St. George, Old England, and roast Beef,

Oh the roast Beef of Old England,

And, oh the Old English roast Beef!

S O N G.

JAILER, *in the Choice of Harlequin.*

YE Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers, and all upon the
lay,

In Tothil-Fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs ye
sport and play,

Rattling

Rattling up your darbies, come hither at my call,
I'm Jigger Dubber here, and you are welcome to
Mill-Doll.

With my tow row, &c.

At your Insurance-Office the flats you've taken in;
The game you've play'd, my kiddy, you're always
sure to win:

First you touch the shiners---the number up---you
break,

With your insuring policy, I'd not insure your neck.
With my tow row, &c.

The French, with trotters nimble, could fly from
English blows,

And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur plainly
shews:

Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, ay, thump away
Monsieur,

The hemp you're beating now, will make your
solitaire.

With my tow row, &c.

My peepers, who've we here now! why this is sure
Black Moll;

My ma'am, you're of the fair sex, so welcome to
Mill-Dell;

The cull with you wou'd venture into a snoozing ken,
Like Blackamoor Othello, should put out the light--
and then.

With my tow row, &c.

I think,

I think, my flashy coachman, that you'll take better
care,

Nor for a little bub come the slang upon your fare;
Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you tip,
Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger
holds the whip.

With my tow row, &c.

CHORUS.

We're Scamps, we're Pads, we're Divers, we're all
upon the lay,

In Tothill-fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs we sport
and play;

Rattling up our darbies, we're hither at your call,
Your Jigger Dubber here, and we're forc'd for to
Mill-Doll.

With my tow row, &c.

S O N G.

MOTLEY, *in the Dead Alice.*

AN actor's a comical dog!

Now frisky, now dull as a log;

So changeable all,

Now short, and now tall,

Now plump, then as slim as a frog.

Now *Paddy* the brogue he puts on,

Then struts with the pride of a *Don*,

Now a French *oui Monsieur*,

Then a Dutch *yaw Mynheer*,

Or *bra' Donald* the head of his Clan.

How

How rarely they take in the town,
 From one shilling up to a crown !
 They pant, and they cry,
 Fight, tumble, and die !
 But laugh when the curtain is down.

S O N G.

From the same.

SEE a nymph so brisk and witty,
 Nimble tripping thro' the Park,
 Throwing round her eyes so pretty,
 And ogling every powder'd spark ;
 She'll leer and gaze with fond delight,
 Invite you home, and kiss you too ;
 Sigh, kneel and swear, my angel bright,
 Without your cash, your kissing won't do !
 With a long purse ever go to your love,
 Chink it, chink it, there, O there !
 When you twinkum twankum, tol derol lol derol,
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! she'll love you dear.

Who'd refuse a lad of my inches,
 So sprightly, fightly, neat, compleat ?
 But wag-tails lur'd are by gold-finches,
 Tho' eyes may roll, and pulses beat.
 They'll leer and gaze with fond delight,
 You tip 'em an ogle, they ogle too !
 My Dove, my Duck, my Angel bright,
 Without your cash, your kissing won't do !

With

With a long purse ever go to your love,
 Chink it, chink it, there, O there!
 When you twinkum twankum, tol derol lol derol,
 Ha! ha! ha! then she'll love you dear.

S O N G.

ETIQUETTE, *in Summer Amusement.*

WITHOUT a man to take the lead,
 What could a lady do?
 No walk in life would e'er succeed,
 No step could e'er be true:
 We point the dance that might perplex,
 Look bright,
 Invite,
 Excite,
 Delight,
 And comfort all the sex.

We ne'er, like some folks in the land,
 Permit our friends to drop,
 But take them gently by the hand,
 And lead them to the top.
 We posits and places find for all,
 Now here,
 Now there,
 Now e'er-
 Y where,
 And still keep up the ball.

S O N G

S O N G.

JEMMY JUMPS, *in the Farmer.***LOOK'E**, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing,

Nattibus hey! tippity ho!

In my shoe I wear a string,

Tied in a black bow, so.

Cards and dice! I've monst'rous luck;

I'm no drake, yet keep a duck,

Tho' not married, yet I'm a buck,

Lantherum-swash, kee-vi.

I've a purse well stock'd with-brafs.

Chinkity hey! tinkity ho!

I've good eyes, but cock my glafs,

Stare about, squintum ho!

In two boots I boldly---walk,

Pistol, sword, I never balk,

Meet my man, and bravely---talk,

Pippity pop, coupee.

Sometimes mount a smart cockade,

Puppydum hey, struttledum ho!

From *High-Park* to the Parade,

Cock my cary kee,

As I pass a sentry-box,

Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,

Each about his musquet knocks,

Rattledum flap, to me!

In the Mall, Ma'am gives her card,

Cashedy me, kissady she!

Sit before the stable yard,

Leg-orum lounge a row;

Pretty things I softly say,

When I'm ask'd our chairs to pay,

Yes, says I, and walk---away,

Pennybus tartum, ho!

At Boulogne I liv'd a week,

Frickasee hey! trickasee ho!

There fine French I learnt to squeak,

Grinnybuss skiptum, ho!

Slap French clack about, *hautcur*,

Nevette cbaf dæuvre, bon douccur,

En bon point, quel tout mon cœur

Fiddledee foll, hee hee!

Rotten-row, my Sunday ride,

Trottledum hey, tumble off, ho!

Poney, eighteen-pence a side,

Windgall, glanderum, ho!

Cricket I fam'd Lumpey nick,

Daddles, smouch Mendoza lick:

Up to, ah! I'm just the kick,

Allemande cap'rum toe!

S O N G.

From the same.

GAD-A-MERCY! devil's in me,
All the damsels wish to win me;

Like

Like a may-pole round me clutter,
 Hanging garlands---fais and flutter !
 Liling, cap'ring, grinning, finking,
 Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking;
 Kates and Betties,
 Polls and Letties,
 All were doating, gentle creatures,
 On these features---
 To their aprons all would pin me,
 Gad-a-mercy ! Devil's in me,
 All the damfels wish to win me:
 Pretty damfels, ugly damfels;
 Black-hair'd damfels, red-hair'd damfels;
 Six feet damfels, three feet damfels;
 Pale-fac'd damfels, plump-fac'd damfels;
 Small-leg'd damfels, thick-leg'd damfels;
 Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd, fix feet,
 three feet,
 Pale-fac'd, plump-fac'd, small-leg'd, thick-leg'd,
 dainty dowdy:
 All run after me, Sir, me;
 For when pretty fellows, we,
 Pretty maids are frank and free.
 For their flays take measure
 Of the ladies, Oh the pleasure !
 Oh, such tempting looks they gi'me !
 Wishing of my heart to nim me;
 Pat and cry, you devil, Jemmy.

Pretty lubes, ugly ladies, &c.

D

S O N G.

S O N G.

'SQUIRE TALLY-HO, in *Fontainebleau*.

I'M your's at any fort o' fun,
 My buck, I tell you so;
 A main to fight, a nag to run,
 But say the word, 'tis done and done!
 All's one to Tally-ho.

Upon a single card I'll set
 A thousand pounds or so;
 But name the thing, I'll bind the bett,
 And if I lose, I'll scorn to fret---
 All's one to Tally-ho.

Suppose you challenge in a glass,
 Sweet Doll, my pretty doe!
 And think your love could mine surpass,
 I'd swallow h gheads for my lass---
 All's one to Tally-ho.

S O N G.

*From the same.*AIR.---*Tally-ho.*

I N London my life is a ring of delight,
 In trolicks I keep up the day and the night;
 I inooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps later,
 I rattle the bell, and roar up the water:

Your

Your honour, says he, and he tips me a leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
 For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce.

With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flashing,
 smashing, smacking, cracking, rumbling, tumb-
 ling;

Laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joking, swaggering,
 flaggering;

So thoughtless, so knowing, so green, and so mellow;
 This, this, is the life of a frolicksome fellow!

My phaet'n I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
 I handle my reins, and my elbows I square;
 My ponies so plump, and as white as a lily,
 Through Pall-Mall I spank it, and up Piccadilly;
 'Till losing a wheel, egad down come I smack;
 So at Knightbridge I throw myself into a hack;
 At Tatteriall's fling a leg over my nag,
 Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.

With swearing, &c.

I roll round the garden, and call at the Rose,
 And then at both Play-heuf's pop in my nose;
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and swagger,
 Talk loud, take my money, and out again swagger.
 I meet at the Shak freere a good-temper'd soul,
 Then down to our club at St. James's I roll;
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play,
 And thus at the finish begin the next day.

With swearing, &c.

S O N G.

From the same.

THE morning we're married, how funny and
jolly!

The Bridegroom, my honour; the Bride, Lady Dolly!
When rous'd by sweet clamour, we open our peepers
And Phcebus salute in our night-gowns and slippers;
Then under our windows musicians all come,
Play fiddle, sweet hautboy, sharp flagelet, drum.

But to my Dolly's amorous sing-song,
All is puff, rattle, squeak and ding-dong.

The cymbals they grind, and the basses they grumble,
Pianos and fortes, a delicate jumble.

All joy to your honours! See, see how they flock,
Whilst cleaver and marrowbone go nick-y-knock;
Tantivy the horn, tantara the trumpet,
Sound, found---while we swallow our coffee and
crumpet.

But to my Dolly's amorous, &c.

S O N G.

TIPPLE, in the Fitch of Bacon.

OH, a gay flashy Lord is a woundy fine sight,
Who is ne'er to be seen but with owls in the night,
Then so flight here behind!
He's blown thro' by the wind;

So

So cropp'd!

And belopp'd

Such timber, so limber, from top to toe,

That he wriggles and nods as he walks to and fro!

I ne'er see'd but one in the course of my life,

And him I had lick'd but for Bridget my wife;

I laugh'd at his pride,

And the spit by his side:

Good lack!

His long back,

Like a building so weak is, it hardly can stand,

But would snap short in two, like a twig in his hand!

T R I O.

From the same.

HOW shall we mortals spend our hours!

In war!

In love!

In drinking!

None but a fool consumes his pow'rs

In peace,

In care,

In thinking.

Time, would you let him wisely pass,

Is lively!

Erik!

And jolly!

Dip but his wings i'th' sparkling glass,

And he'll drown dull melancholy!

S O N G.

From the same.

YE good men and wives
 Who have lov'd all your lives,
 And whose vows have at no time been shaken,
 Now come and draw near,
 With your consciences clear,
 And demand a huge *Fitch of our Bacon*.

CHORUS. Ye good men and wives, &c.

Since a year and a day
 Have in love roll'd away,
 And an oath of that love has been taken,
 On the sharp-pointed bones,
 With your bare marrow bones,
 You have won our fam'd *Liberty Bacon*!

CHORUS. Since a year and a day, &c.

S O N G.

SHELTY, in the Highland-Reel.

WHEN I've money I'm merry,
 When I've none I'm very sad,
 When I'm sober I am civil,
 When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.
 With my fiddle fiddle-um,
 Likewise toddle toddle-um,
 No forgetting either-ii,
 And also fiddle-um.

When

When disputing with a puppy,
 I convince him with a rap;
 And when romping with a girl,
 By accident I---tear a cap.

With my fal la!, &c.

Gadzooks! I will never marry,
 I'm a lad that's bold and free,
 Yet I love a pretty girl,
 A pretty girl is fond of me.

With my fal la!, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,
 Round and found, and plump and fat,
 She and I drink tea together,
 But no matter, Sir, for that.

With my fal la!, &c.

If this maiden be with bairn,
 As I do suppose she be,
 Like good pappy I must learn
 To dandle Jacky on my knee.

With my fal la!, &c.

S O N G.

From the same.

POYS when I play, cry, oh crimini!
 Sheltie's chaunter, squeakmaini!
 In love tunes I'm so emphatical,
 Fingers shaking quiveratical.

With

With agility,
 Grace, gentility,
 Girls shake heel and toe;
 Pipes I tickle so:
 My jigs fill a pate,
 Tittilate
 Pretty mate,
 My hops love mirth, young blood circulate.
 Toodle, roodle, roo.

Oh, my chaunters found so prettily,
 Sweeter far than pipes from Italy;
 Cross the Tweed I'll bring my tweedledum,
 Striking foreign flute and fiddle, dumb!
 Modern Rizzi's so
 Please maam's, misses, tho'
 Peers can merry ftrum,
 Act plays very rum,
 I'll puff at square Hanover;
 Can over
 Man over,
 All the puny pipes from Italy.
 Toodle, &c.

I'm in talk, a pedant, musical,
 In fine terms, I lug intrusical,
 Slap bravuras, alt, the rage about,
 Hayd'n, Mara, opera, stage about;
 Oratorios,
 Cramer's, Florios:
 Things at Jubilee,
 Neither he or she,

Die

Die at Syren's note!
 Tiny throat,
 Petticout,

This is amateur high musical.

Toodle, &c.

S O N G.

In Harlequin Teague.

AIR.----*Fal de ral Tit.*

TWAS I learn'd a pretty song in France,
 And I brought it o'er the sea by chance;
 And when in Wapping I did dance,
 Oh! the like was never seen:
 For I made the music loud to play,
 All for to pass the dull hours away,
 And when I had nothing left for to say,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

As I was walking down Thames-street,
 A shipmate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
 And I was resolv'd him for to treat
 With a can of grog, gillio!
 A can of grog they brought us straight,
 All for to pleasure my shipmate,
 And satisfaction gave him straight,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The Maccaronies next came in,
 All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim,

And

And thinking for to strike me dumb;
 Some was short, and some was tall,
 But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
 For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The Landlord then aloud did say,
 As how he wish'd I'd go away,
 And if I 'tempted for to stay,
 As how he'd take the law:
 Lord d---me, says I, you may do your worst,
 For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst;
 All this I said, and nothing worse,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I've cross'd the raging main,
 And be come back to Old England again,
 Of grog I'll drink galore;
 With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
 And for her costly robes I'll provide,
 So that she shall be satisfied.
 Then I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

S O N G.

TRUDGE, in *Inkle and Yarico*.

LONDON town is just like a barber's shop,
 But by the Lord Harry 'tis wond'rous big;
 There the painted doll, and the powder'd fop,
 And many a blockhead wears a wig.

And

And I tickl'd each phiz,
 With a tickle and a friz,
 With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle,
 And a frizzle.

With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle,
 And a frizzle, frizzle, frizzle,
 And I tickl'd each phiz,
 With a twiggle and a friz.

A Captain of horse I went for to shave,
 Ho! damme, says he, with a martial frown,
 My razor I pois'd like a barber brave,
 I took him by the nose, but he knock'd me down.

Yet I tickl'd each phiz
 With a twiggle and a friz,
 With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle
 And a frizzle,
 With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle,
 And a frizzle, frizzle, frizzle,
 And I tickl'd each phiz
 With a twiggle and a friz.

Then I went to a lawyer, O rare sport!
 Who had a false oath that day for to swear,
 By my skill some trouble I sav'd the court,
 My hot iron borrow'd the lawyer's ear.
 And I tickl'd, &c.

I next went to dress a fine grand miss,
 Down the laly fits, and her neck she bares,
 But Cupid, or the Devid bid me snatch a kiss,
 Ere my iron cool'd I was kick'd down stairs.
 But I tickl'd, &c.

I next

I next went to dress up an old maid's hair,
 Wrinkled and bald as a scalded pig;
 But as she led the dance down with a swimming air,
 This fine old maiden she dropp'd her wig.
 And I tickl'd, &c.

D U E T.

WOWSKI and TRUDGE, in *Inkle and Yarico*.

Wowski. **W**AMPUM, Swampum, Yanko,
 Lanko, Nanko, Pownatowski,
 Black men---plenty---twenty-eight for me;
 White man, woo, you true?

Trudge. Who?

Wowski. You.

Trudge. Yes, pretty little Wowski.

Wowski. Then I leave all, and follow thee.

Trudge. Oh, then turn about, my little tawny
 tight one!

Don't you like me?

Wowski. Hs, you're like the snow

If you flight me----

Trudge. Never, not for any white one;

You are beautiful as any floe.

Wowski. Wars, jars, fears, can't expose ye

In our grot----

Trudge. So snug and cosy!

Wowski. Flowers neatly

Pick'd, shall sweetly

Make

Make your bed.

Trudge. Coying, toying
With a rosy
Posy,

When I'm dozey:

Bear-skin night-caps too shall warm my head.

Both. Bear-skin night-caps, &c. &c.

S O N G.

From the same.

AIR---*Last Valentine's Day.*

A Voyage over seas had not enter'd my head.
Had I known but on which side to butter my bread,
Heigho! sure I---for hunger must die?

I've fail'd like a booby; come here in a squall.

Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!

Oho! I'm a terrible booby!

Oh, what a sad booby am I!

In London what gay chop-house signs in the street!

But the only sign here is of nothing to eat,

Heigho! that I---for hunger shou'd die!

My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf.

And for all the world like a lost mutton my self;

Oho! I shall die a lost mutton?

Oh, what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef I could roar like a bull,

And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full,

E

Heigho!

Heigho! that I---for hunger should die.
 But, grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,
 For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save;
 Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!
 I can't save my bacon, not I!

S O N G.

From the same.

CHRISTIANS are so good, they say,
 Tender souls as e'er can be!
 Let them credit it who may;
 What they're made of let us see.

Christian drovers, charming trade!
 Who so careful cattle drive;
 And the tender Christian maid,
 Sweetly skinning eels alive.

Tender tonish dames, who take
 Whip in hand, and drive like males;
 Have their ponies nick'd---to make
 The pretty creatures cock their tails.

Christian boys will shy at cocks,
 Worry dogs, hunt cats, kill flies;
 Christian Lords will learn to box,
 And give their noble friends black eyes.

S O N G.

S O N G.

From the same.

A Clerk I was in London gay,
 Jemmy linkum feedle,
 And went in boots to see the play,
 Merry fiddlem tweedle.
 I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle;
 The Girls all cry'd, "He's quite the kick!"
 O Jemmy linkum feedle!

Hey for America I fail,
 Yankee doodle deedle;
 The sailor boys cry'd, "smoak his tail!"
 Jemmy linkum feedle.
 On English belles I turn'd my back,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle,
 And got a foreign Fair, quite Black,
 Oh tweedle, twaddle, tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
 Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
 Boast their pouting under lip,
 Fiddle, fiddle, feedle.
 My Wows would beat a hundred fuch,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle,
 Whose under-lip pouts twice as much,
 Oh pretty double wheedle!

Ring's I'll buy to deck her toes,
 Jemmy linkum feedle;

E 2

A feather

A feather fine shall grace her nose,
 Waving fiddle feedle.
 With jealousy I ne'er shall burst,
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-a?
 A white Othello, I can trust
 A dingy Dememona.

S O N G.

Daddy, in Love in the Camp.

I'LL sing you a song; faith, I'm singing it now
 here;

I don't mean t'front either small or big bow wow
 here;

The subject I've chosen, it is the canine race,
 To prove like us, two-leg'd dogs, they're a very fine
 race.

Bow, wow, wow,
 Fal, lal, la.

Like you and I, other dogs may be counted sad dogs;
 As we won't drink water, some might think us mad
 dogs;

A courtier is a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog,
 A foldier is a massiff, a sailor's a bull-dog.

Bow, wow, wow,
 Fal, lal, la.

When silly dogs for property, uncle, son, and bro-
 ther,

Grin and snarl mighty gruff, and worry one another;
 Should

Should they a bit of equity from Justice beg a loan of,
That cunning dog, the lawyer Snap, carries quick
the bone off.

Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, la, la.

An old maid comes from church, to the poor no lady
kinder ;

A lussy dog her footman, with prayer-book behind her ;
A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets plenty of good
kicking,

But little flock, her lap-dog, must have a roasted
chicken.

Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, la, la.

A Poet's a lank grey-hound, for the public he runs
game down ;

A Critic is a cur that strives to run his fame down ;
And tho' he cannot follow where the noble sport
invites him,

He sily steals behind, and by the heels he bites him.

Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, la, la.

You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed 'em
you're able,

Your dog for his morsel crouches under the table ;

Your friends turn tail in misfortune or disaster,

But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his
master.

Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, la, la.

As your friends turn tail the moment that you need 'em,
 My dog ran away when no longer I could feed him.
 This cur, so ungrateful, forsook me on my journey,
 And for a mouldy crust went back to the attorney.

Bow, wow, wow,
 Fal, la, la.

S O N G.

GREGORY, or TIPPOO, *in Love and War.*

KEEP off if you vex a woman,
 'Till she gives her passion vent;
 In her fury she spares no man,
 But her tongue goes click and clack:
 Click, clack, clack; and tick, tick, tack,
 'Till her rage in noise is spent.

Women, when the fidgets seize 'em,
 Ride one like a founder'd nag:
 They are gentle, 'till you teize 'em;
 Then their tongue goes, click and clack;
 Click, click, clack; and tick, tickle, tack,
 'Till it can no longer wag.

S O N G.

SHAKLEFIGURE, *in the Lady of the Manor.*

TOM—said—to—me,
 Tim, how very slow you move;
 I—said—to—he,
 Who runs best then let us prove.

Per—

Per—ad—ven—ture,
 • Swiftest foot may lose the race,
 Best—flow—and—sure ;
 And, in truth, it was the case,
 Sir, depend on't.

Hey—off—we—set ;
 Tom was first for half a mile.
 How—won—the—bett
 May make your worship smile,
 Tom—run—so—fast,
 'Gainst a stone he kick'd his toes :
 Less—speed—more—haste ;
 Tom fell down and broke his nose.
 Mark the end on't.

S O N G.

In Midas.

SHALL a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
 Dare my amours to cross ?
 Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woes,
 Her nose up at him toss ?
 No ; I'll kidnap---then possess her ;
 I'll sell her Pol a slave, get Mundungus in
 exchange ;
 So glut to the height of pleasure
 My love and my revenge.
 No ; I'll kidnap, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

From the same.

O WHAT pleasure will abound,
 When my wife is laid in ground!
 Let earth cover her,
 We'll dance over her,
 When my wife is laid in ground.

O how happy should I be,
 Wou'd little Nyfa pig with me!
 How I'd mumble her,
 Touze and tumble her,
 Wou'd little Nyfa pig with me.

T R I O,

From the same.

Midas. MASTER Poll
 And his toll-de-roll-loll,
 I'll buffet away from the plain, Sir.
Pan. And I'll assist
 Your worship's fist,
 With all my might and main, Sir.
Myfis. And I'll have a thump,
 Tho' he's so plump,
 And makes such a woundy racket.
Midas. I'll bluff.
Pan. I'll rough.

Myfis.

Myfis. I'll huff.

Midas. I'll cuff.

Omn. And I'll warrant we'll pepper his jacket.

Midas. For all his cheats,
And wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em,
Or skip by goles,
As high as Paul's,
Like ugly witch on besom;
Arrain'd he shall be,
Of treason to me!

Pan. And I with my davy will back it;
I'll swear.

Midas. I'll snare.

Myfis. I'll tear.

Omn. O rare!

And I warrant we'll pepper his jacket.

S O N G.

From the same.

WHAT the devil's here to do,
Ye logger-heads and gypsies?
Sirrah, you, and hussy, you,
And each of you ripsley is;
But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm Justice Midas.

C H O R U S.

O tremendous Justice Midas,
Who shall oppose wise Justice Midas?

S O N G.

Myfis.

S O N G.

From the same.

I'M given to understand that you're all in a pother
 here,
 Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall play to you ano-
 ther year:
 Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to de-
 cide, as
 The delicate ears of Justice Midas.

C H O R U S.

O tremendous Justice Midas,
 Who shall oppose wise Justice Midas!

S O N G.

From the same.

NOW I'm feated,
 I'll be treated
 Like the Sophi on his throne;
 In my presence,
 Scoundrel peasants
 Shall not call their souls their own.
 My behest is,
 He who best is,
 Shall be fix'd musician chief:
 Ne'er the loser
 Shall shew nose here,
 But be transported like a thief.

CHORUS

C H O R U S.

O tremendous Justice Midas,
Who shall oppose wise Justice Midas?

S O N G.

PUNCH, *In the Pantomime of the Mirror.*

CAN'T you see by my hunch, Sir,

Faddeldy, daddeldy, dino,

I am master Punch, Sir,

Riberi, biberi, bino.

Fiddledy, diddledy, faddeldy, daddledy,

Robbery, bobbery, ribery, bibery,

Faddeldy, daddeldy, dino,

Ribbery, bibery, bino.

That merry fellow, Punchinello,

Dancing here, you see, Sir,

Whose mirth not hell itself can quell,

He's ever in such glee, Sir,

Niddlety, noddlety, niddlety,

Noddlety, niddlety, noddlety, nino

Then let me pass, old Grecian,

Fiddeldy, daddeldy, dino.

To the fields Elysian,

Bibery, bibery, bino.

Fiddeldy, diddledy, faddeldy, daddeldy,

Robbery, bobbery, ribery, bibery,

Faddeldy, daddledy, dino.

Ribery, bibery, bino.

My

My ranting roaring Pluto,
 Faddeldy, daddledy, dino,
 Just to a hair will suit, ho,
 Bibery, bibery, bino.
 Faddeldy, &c.
 Each jovial fellow,
 At Punchinello,
 Will, laughing o'er his cup roar,
 I'll rant and revel,
 And play the devil,
 And set all hell in an uproar.
 Niddlety, noddlety, nino.
 Then let me pass, &c.

S O N G.

JACK BLOCK, *in Omai.*

WHEN I came back to bonny Shadwell dock,
 In my feathers and jacket so airy;
 How the girls did stare at their friend, Jack Block;
 With his chip chow,
 Cherry chow,
 Rolty, ulty, ilty, row,
 Rowdie, elty, O.
 When with buxom Poll, at the Anchor so blue,
 I call for a bowl of rumbo;
 Says she, Jack, your health; says I, here's to you.
 With my chip chow, &c.

The

The purser he looked at me very big,
 And to Poll threw his loving palaver;
 But the rumbo I sluic'd o'er his white chizzel'd wig.
 With my chip chow, &c.

His pipe being broke, oh, d---n it how he stares,
 Says he, you must ask my pardon:
 Says I, with all my heart, so I kick'd him down
 stairs.

With my chip chow, &c.

Then, says Poll, oh Jack, treat me to the play,
 We're so fine let us go to the boxes;
 I like a box, says I, so we tripp'd it away.
 With my chip chow, &c.

Oh! there the Jack-a-dandies clapp'd and encor'd,
 Wip'd their boots in the ladies aprons;
 Silence, says I, and very loudly I roar'd.
 With my chip chow, &c.

The link-boy he lighted us clean in the mud,
 There he fingered our pockets so neatly;
 With, your honour, take care—oh d---n his little
 blood.

With my chip chow, &c.

Let us drink a health to his England,
 To great George and good Queen Charlotte,
 May our teamen always the ocean command.
 With my chip chow, &c.

F

S O N G.

S O N G.

From the same.

DEAR ladies and gentlemen, customers, pop
will ye,

Into my neat little, sweet little, shop, will ye?

Walk about, Madam, or sit down and chat a bit;

Miss, here's the dice-box, what think you of that
a bit?

I don't mean to gamble, or each other fleece,

You shall only put in five and three-pence a piece;

This enamel'd gold watch, tick, goes right to a mi-
nute,

These lily-white hands, Ma'am, surely must win it.

Then, Ma'am, will you walk in, and tol de rol
diddle,

And, Sir, will you stalk in, and tol de rol diddle?

And, Miss, will you pop in, and tol de rol diddle,

And, Master, pray hep in, and tol de rol diddle dee.

When prudish to help out your fies and your tushes,
Miss,

What if you throw for this bottle of blushes, Miss,
Sal Volatile, when your lover gets ranting,

You'll find that to tip him a faint may be wanting.

Ma'am, a twee that won't leave a grey hair in your
brow;

Sir, a wise book to read in, that's---if you know
how;

Hall's,

Hall's, Benfon's, and Silver's, not faunter like drones
about,

But all come to Austin's, and here knock the bones
about.

Then, Ma'am, &c.

Ye Londoners, who would flog sorrow and cash
away,

Welcome to Margate, in salt-water dash away,
Clean as a penny we'll fouse, fop, and pickle ye;
Out of your gold, neat as Brighten, we'll tickle ye.
Says spoufy to deary, to Margate we'll trip,
In the dog-days, to give little Jacky a dip;
Tho' here in the Dilly gay pleasure attend ye,
Yet back in the Hoy, poor as Job we'll soon send ye.

Then Ma'am, &c.

S O N G.

DAREY, *in the Poor Soldier.*

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid
About to bid
Good-morrow to your nightcap.

Last night a little bowfy
 With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowzy
 To let me sit beside her,
 Her anger rose
 As four as floes,
 The little gipsy cock'd her nose;
 Yet here I've rid
 Along to bid
 Good-morrow to your nightcap.

S O N G.

From the same.

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
 Poor Darcy, ah, what can you do?
 No longer I'll stay here a clown,
 But sell off and gallop to town:
 I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
 The barber shall fizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great dash;
 But how for to compass the cash!
 With cards I can take the flats in;
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win;
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first to get a great name,
 A duel establish my fame;

To

To my man then a challenge I'll write;
 But first I'll be sure he won't fight,
 We'll swear not to part 'till we fall,
 Then shoot with our powder, and the devil a ball.

S O N G.

In the Poor Soldier.

THO' late I was plump, round and jolly,
 I now am as thin as a rod;
 Oh! love is the cause of my folly,
 And soon I'll lie under a sod:
 Sing ditherum doodle,
 Nagety, nagety, tragedy, rum,
 And goosetherum foodle,
 Fidgety, fidgety, nigety, mum.

Dear Kathleen, then why did ye flout me,
 A lad that's so cosy and warm;
 O ev'ry thing's handsome about me,
 My cabin and snug little farm.
 Sing ditherum, &c.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money,
 No duns at my chamber attend;
 On Sunday I ride on my Poney,
 And still have a bit for a friend;
 Sing ditherum, &c.

The Cock courts his Hens all around me,
 The Sparrow, the Pigeon, and Dove,

Oh,

Oh, how all this courting confounds me,
When I look and I think of my love.

Sing ditherum, &c.

S O N G.

TOM, in Peeping Tom.

EGAD we had a glorious feast,
So good in kind, so nicely drest !
Our liquor too was of the best---

I'll tell ye.

One leg of mutton, two fat geese,
With beans and bacon, ducks and pease ;
In short, we'd ev'ry thing could please

The belly.

The clock struck twelve in merry chime,
The Priest said grace in Saxon rhyme ;
Says I to him, here is no time

For praying.

The room was full when I came in,
But soon I napkin'd up my chin ;
With knife and fork I did begin

To lay in.

Our Curate, who at such a rate,
Of dues and tythe-pigs us'd to prate,
In silence sat behind the plate,

A peeping.

Most

Most Churchmen like, the Vicar too,
 A shepherd to his flock below,
 Like any wolf, good mutton now
 Was deep in.

We nodded health, for no one spoke,
 The cloth roll'd off, we crack'd a joke,
 And drank the King, and sang, and smoke
 Tobacco.

Our reckoning out, we call'd a whip;
 I stole my hat, and home did trip,
 My pretty Maud, your velvet lip
 To smacco.

S O N G.

From the same.

AIR.---*Kisses and Brandy.*

WHEN I was a younker, and liv'd with my dad,
 The neighbours all thought me a smart little lad;
 My Mammy she call'd me a white-headed boy,
 Because with the girls I lik'd to toy.

There was Ciss,
 Priss,
 Letty and Betty,
 And Doll;
 With Meg,
 Peg,
 Jenny and Winney,
 And Moll.

I flatter

I flatter
 Their clatter,
 So sprightly and gay;
 I rumble 'em,
 Tumble 'em---
 That's my way.

One fine frosty morning, a going to school,
 Young Moggy I met, and she call'd me a fool:
 Her mouth was my primer; a lesson I took:
 I swore it was pretty, and kissed the book.

But school,
 Fool,
 Primer,
 Trimmer,
 And birch,

And boys for the girls I left in the lurch.

I flatter, &c.

It's very well known I can dance a good jig,
 And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig;
 I can wrestle a fall, and the bar I can fling,
 And when o'er a flaggon, can sweetly sing:

But Pig,
 Jig,
 Wicket,
 And cricket,
 And ball,

I'd give up a wrestle with Moggy a fall.

I flatter, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

DRY, *in the Peruvian.*

POUNDS, shillings, pence, and farthings, I

Have at my finger's end,
And how to sell, and how to buy,
To borrow, or to lend;
But this, tho' I ne'er went to school,
My pate has run upon,
Addition be my golden rule,
Ha! Dot, and carry one.

At loss and gain a scholar good,
Right early was I taught
To gain of guineas all I cou'd,
To lose---the devil a groat:
For fractions and divisions, when
They practise sword and gun,
Subtract myself I will---and then
Ha! Dot and carry one.

But words no more I'll numerate,
And thus the sum total lies:
Of war no more I'll sing or prate,
Reduction I'll despise;
And, if cockade and roguish eye
Has not my Susan won;
If she's resolv'd to multiply,
Ha! Dot, and carry one.

S O N G.

S O N G.

RUTTEKIN, in Robin Hood.

I MEND pottles and cans,
 Hoop jugs, patch kettles and pans,
 And over the country trudge it---
 I sing without measure,
 Nor fear loss of treasure,
 And carry my all in my budget.
 Here under the green leav'd bushes,
 O how we'll firk it,
 Caper and jerk it,
 Singing as blithe as thrushes.

 I'm not plagu'd with a wife,
 Live free from content and strife,
 Blow high, blow low--- Ruttekin ne'er will mind it,
 I eat when I'm hungry,
 Drink when I'm dry.
 Join pleasure where-ever I find it.
 Here under the greenwood bushes
 O how we'll firk it,
 Caper and jerk it.
 Singing as blithe as thrushes.

S O N G.

From the same.

MARGARETTA first posselt,
 I remember well, my breast

With

With my row, dow, dow, derro ;
With my refless heart next play'd
Martha, wanton, floe-ey'd maid,
With her tantarararo.

She to Catherine gave place,
Kate to Betty's am'rous face,
With my, &c.
Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began,
With their, &c.

Jenny next---a tyrant she,
But Rebecca set me free,
With my, &c.
In a week from her I fled,
And took Judith in her stead,
With her, &c.

She posses'd a wond'rous grace,
But she wanted Susan's face,
With my, &c.
Isabella's rolling eye
Eclips'd Susan's presently,
With her, &c.

Brown-skinn'd Befs I next obey'd,
Then lov'd Nanny, red-hair'd maid,
With her, &c.
None cou'd bind me, I am free,
Yet love all the fair I see,
With my, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

LA BRUCE, in *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

I HAD a wife of my own,
 Still with her tongue she chatter'd on;
 Never could let me alone,
 Clamper'd, scolded, and clatter'd on:
 Blockhead, afs, cuckold, and drone,
 With these soft words she flatter'd on;
 Not in my body a bone,
 But with her knuckles she batter'd on.

 Kept me quite under her thumb,
 Tost my hat and wig about,
 If I said ought but mum,
 Twirl'd me like a gig about;
 Making my body a drum,
 Trivally beating and jig about,
 I was oblig'd to go glum,
 Like an old grunting pig about.

S O N G.

From the same.

YE topers all, drink to the foul,
 Or this right honest fellow;
 Who always lov'd a flowing bowl,
 And would in death be mellow.

The

The lamp of life he kindled up,
 With spirit stout and glowing ;
 His heart inspired thus with a cup,
 Ascends where nectar's flowing.

S O N G.

FOUR AND TWENTY FIDLERS, *a Comic Medley.*

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all in a row,
 Four and twenty fiddlers, &c.

There was fiddle, fiddle, fiddle, and double-femi
 quibble down below ;

This is my lady's birth-day,
 Therefore we will keep holiday,
 And come for to be merry.

Four and twenty drummers all in a row,
 Four and twenty drummers, &c.

And there was I rub a dub, O rub a dub,
 And fiddle fiddle fiddle, &c. &c.

Four and twenty trumpeters all in a row,
 Four and twenty trumpeters, &c.

There was tantarararo, I rub a dub, O rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty cobblers all in a row,
 Four and twenty cobblers, &c.

There was cobblers and stop awls, stop awls and cobblers,
 And tantarararo, I rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty fencing-masters all in a row,
 Four and twenty fencing-masters, &c.
 There was push carte and tierce, down with his heels
 And cut him across,
 Coblers and stop awls, stop awls and coblers, &c.

Four and twenty captains all in a row,
 Four and twenty captains, &c.
 There was d—n him, kick him down stairs,
 Push carte and tierce, &c.

Four and twenty parsons all in a row;
 Four and twenty parsons, &c.
 There was L—d have mercy upon us,
 L—n him, kick him down stairs, &c.

Four and twenty taylor's all in a row,
 Four and twenty taylor's, &c.
 There was one caught a louse, another let him loose;
 D—n his eyes, says another. kick him down with
 the goose;
 Lord have mercy upon us, &c.

Four and twenty barbers all in a row,
 Four and twenty barbers, &c.
 There was long wigs, toupees, frizee, frize, powder
 and pomatum, two ruffles and ne'er a shirt; d--n'd
 hard times, walk in your honours—and shave for
 a penny.
 One caught a louse, &c.

Four

Four and twenty quakers all in a row,

Four and twenty quakers, &c.

There was Abram he begat Isaac, and Isaac begat
Jacob, and Jacob open'd his generation-box, —
with long wigs, toupees, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in a row,

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in a row,

There were Americanos, Spaniorum, Amsterdam Rot-
terdam, and d—nation seize them all together
— Abram he begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Ja-
cob, and Jacob opened his generation box, with
long wigs, toupees, frizee, frize, powder and
pomatum, two ruffles and never a shirt; damn'd
hard times; walk in your honours, and shave for
a penny—One caught a louse, another let him
loose—D--n his eyes knock him down with the
goose, L--d have mercy upon us—D--n him
kick him down stairs; push carte and tierce; down
with his heels, and cut him across—Coblers and
stop awls, stop awls and coblers—Tantarararo,
I rub a dub, O rub a dub—And fiddle faddle fid-
dle, and double demi-femi quibble down below,

This is my Lady's birth-day,

Therefore we will keep holiday,

And come for to be merry.

THE NEW FOUR AND TWENTY FIDLERS.

FOUR and twenty fidders all in a row,
Four and twenty fidders all in a row;

There was fiddle faddle, and ummi demme double damme demi femi quibble down below ;—'Tis my Lady's holiday, therefore we'll be merry.

Four and twenty harpsichords all in a row,
There was flow time, quick time, common and triple time, in concord, unison and discord, with fiddle faddle, &c.

Four and Twenty ladies all in a row,
There was tittle tattle, prittle prattle, do you take in the world? No, I take in the Public; with flow time, &c.

Four and twenty washerwomen all in a row;
Up to the elbows in fuds, with prittle prattle, tittle tattle, taking in the World and the Public, with flow time, &c.

Four and twenty parliament men all in a row;
There was majority and minority, in argument and reason, without any treason, up to their elbows in fuds, with tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all in a row;
There was deed of conveyance with a settlement in tail, with majority and minority, up to their elbows in fuds, with tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty old maids all in a row;
There was oh! how I hate all male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance and settlement in tail, &c.

Four and twenty box-loungers all in a row;
There was in at half price in whole boots, a disgrace

grace to all male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance, &c.

Four and twenty auctioneers all in a row ;

There was who bids more ?—a very pretty lot, just a going, in at half price with whole boots, a disgrace to, &c.

Four and twenty committee-men all in a row ;

There was impeachments of East India government charges of high crimes and misdemeanors, who bids more ?—a pretty lot, just a going, in at half price with whole boots, a disgrace, &c.

Four and twenty Lingo's all in a row ;

There was Moses, Homer, Judas and Wat Tyler, with charges of high treason and misdemeanors, who bids more ?—a pretty lot, just a going, in at half price with whole boots, a disgrace to all male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance and settlement in tail, majority and minority, arguments and reason without any treason, tittle tattle, prittle prattle, up to their elbows in fuds, taking in the World and the Public by slow time, quick time in concord, unison and discord, with fiddle faddle, and ummi demi double damme demi ferri quibble down below ; 'Tis my Lady's holiday, Therefore we will be merry.

Q U O Z.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Written and Sung by MR. EDWIN.

HEY for buckish words, for phrases we've a passion.
Immensely great, and little, once were all the fashion;
Hum'd and then humbug'd, Twaddle tippy poz;
All have had their day—but now must yield to Quoz.
Walk about the town, each time you turn your head, Sir,
Pop staring in your phiz, is Q, U, O, and Z, Sir.
Cried Madam Dip to deary, its monstrous scandaloz,
To write on people's shutters that shameful naily
Quoz.

Once it was the Barber, for ev'ry thing that's right:
The Shaver knock'd the Barber quickly out of sight.
Now we've got a new word, how invented 'twas,
If you ask, I'd tell—my answer, Sir, is Quoz.
The hobby-horse of late, we rode about with speed,
For drinking, wenching, gaming, 'twas the word,
indeed;
Then Macaroni, Bore, and Rage, never sure the
like was.
Yet all that sort of thing gave way to little cunning
Quoz.

Tipfy, dizzy, muzzy, fucky, groggy, muddled,
Bosky, blind as Chloe; mops and brooms, and fuddled,
Florid, torrid: horrid; flayboz, hayboz, laboz—
Words with terminations not so good as Quoz.

But

But when QuoZZy came, Tippy, Bore, and Twaddle,
 Bucks of blust'ring fame, could not keep their faddle:
 One attempt to rally—bully Quiz it was;
 But by night Sally, dubs him little Quoz!

There's a jack to roast your meat, a jack to hold your
 liquor;

Jacks of various sorts—Jack's a Quiz; because
 Jack gives way to Jill, and so does Quiz to Quoz!
 Some may think it French, some may call it Latin;
 Some give in this meaning, others will give that in:
 Mean it what it will, or sense or *non compos*.

The meaning, I should think—the meaning must
 be—Quoz.

Suppose we say it's drinking—suppose it means a
 dinner—

Suppose a Methodist—suppose a wicked sinner—
 To finish my suppose—suppose I make a pause—
 I've hit it now—'tis thank ye—and so, good people,
 Quoz.

S O N G.

THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By MR. EDWIN.

HERE lies William of Valence, a right good
 Earl of Pembroke,
 And this is his monument which you see I'll swear
 upon a book.

He

He was Earl Marshall of England when Henry the
Third did reign,
Above five hundred years ago, but never will be so
again.

Here the Lord Talbot lies the Town of Shrewsbury's
Earl;

Together with his Countess fair, who was a most de-
licate girl;

Next to him there lieth one Sir Richard Peckshall
hight,

Of whom we only this do say, that he was a Hamp-
shire Knight.

Here lies the third king Richard's brother, of whom
our records tell

Nothing of note, nor say they whether he be in hea-
ven or hell,

This same was John of Eldersstone, he was no coffer-
monger,

But Cornwall's Earl; and here's one died because he
could live no longer.

Now think your penny's well spent, good folks, and
that your not beguil'd,

Within this cup doth lie the heart of a French Am-
bassador's child,

But how the devil it came to pass, on purpose or by
chance,

The bowels they lie underneath, but the body is in
France.

Here

Here lies Oxford's Countess, and there also the Lady
Burleigh her mother,
And there her daughter, a Countess too, lie close by
one another!

These once were bonny dames, and though there
were no coaches then,

Yet could they jog their tails themselves, or get them
jogg'd by the men.

Oh! woe is me, those high-born sinners that now do
pray so stoutly,

Living they never pray'd at all, yet their statues
pray devoutly;

This fair monument that you see, I'd have you to
understand,

It is a virtuous lady fair who died of a prick in her
hand.

In this monument which you see adorned with so
many pillars,

Doth lie the Countess of Buckingham, and her hus-
band Sir George Villars;

This old Sir George was grandfather, and the Countess
she was granny

To the great Duke of Buckingham, who led by the
nose King Jamy.

Here lies Sir Robert Ayton, a Scotch Knight, this
man was secretary,

He scribbled compliments for two Queens, Queen
Anne, and eke Queen Mary;

This

This same was Mary Queen of Scots whom Buchanan doth so bespatter,
She lost her head at Fotheringhay, whatever was the matter.

Henry the seventh lies here entomb'd with his fair Queen beside him,

He was the founder of this chapel, Oh! may no ill betide him,

And here they stand upright in a press, with their bodies made of wax,

A globe and a wand in either hand, and their robes upon their backs.

To another chapel now come we, the people follow, and chat,

This is the Lady Cottington, the people cry, who is that?

Why, Sir Thomas Bromley lieth here, death would not him reprieve,

With his four sons, and daughters four, that once were all alive.

Here lies Sir John Fullerton, and that is his Lady I trow,

And this is Sir John Pickerton, whom none of you do know;

Here lies the Earl of Torrington, the world ne'er saw a madder,

His Countess fair she lies beside him, and now you go up a ladder.

Richard

Richard the Second lies here entomb'd and his fair
Queen, Queen Anne,

Edward the third lies there hard by, and he was a
gallant man ;

This is the sword of John of Gaunt, a blade both
true and trusty,

The Frenchmen's blood was ne'er wip'd off, which
makes it look so rusty.

Harry the Fifth lies here entomb'd with his fair Queen,
Queen Eleanor,

To our first Edward she was wife, that's more than
you knew before ;

Now down the ladder come we again, the man goes
first with a staff,

Two or three tumble down the stairs, and all the peo-
ple laugh.

Sir Robert Vere lies here entomb'd, who the Spaniards
hide so curried,

Four Colonels brave support his tomb, and here his
body's buried ;

That Statue up against the wall with one eye, is
Major General Norris,

He bang'd the French most cruelly as is affirmed in
stories.

Here lies Sir John Hollis, who was a Major General,
To Sir John Morris that brave blade, and now you
may depart all ;

For

For now the shew is at an end, and all things are done
and said,

The citizens pay for their wives, and the apprentices
kiss the maids.

S O N G.

AS my true love and I went trussing togeder,
We called at the sign of the griskin and medder;
Och, there we danced launstream poney togeder,
And after cried Whack for the toder brown medder.
Sing furillulo, turiddle liddlelull, burilluloo, turid-
dleliddlelull, furidle, turiddle, furidle.
And now boys go merrily WHACK!

THE END.



re done

rentices

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turid-